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Current Comments

The Prime Minister and the Government

THE PRIME MINISTER has given proof, if proof were needed, that he will not be found wanting in resolute courage to defend the liberty of the nation to supply its own wants, and carry on its essential services, against the intolerable dictation of "sheltered" and purely selfish sections of the union-ridden workers. He has declared that houses are to be built in Scotland by such labour, and under such conditions, as the Government may decide, without regard to obstructive decrees of swollen-headed union officials. As the writer of the open letter to the Prime Minister, published in this number, not unjustly, we think, observes, the more truculent of the union leaders may have been inclined to misinterpret his patience and conciliatory temper as signs of a disposition to yield to their bluster. Mr. Baldwin, however, has throughout stated quite plainly that if persuasion should fail, stronger methods must be used. He is evidently convinced that the time has come to make a stand, and he has chosen his ground well. The leaders of the building union have long forfeited all public sympathy.

The closing weeks of the autumn session have greatly enhanced the credit of the Government and of the Prime Minister. For reasons which we state elsewhere we pretend to no enthusiasm for the Irish settlement. Mr. Neville Chamberlain's Rating and Valuation Bill, while it may have introduced certain desirable improvements in the machinery of local administration, has strengthened the already too-powerful grip of the bureaucracy and

alienated the sympathy of the parish councils, which are still responsible for such a large proportion of our local government. Of the wisdom of the outstanding feature of the earlier session, the Widows' Pensions Bill, we are equally doubtful. If the credit of the Government rested upon these three measures alone, "open letters" would likely be both numerous and more critical. But Mr. Baldwin has put new heart into the Conservative Party and that large middle section of opinion, which, if not professedly Conservative, is yet undoubtedly so on fundamental issues, by his decision to regain the initiative in the war waged against the nation by the building trades union. And without his unwavering support probably neither Sir Austen Chamberlain at Locarno, nor Mr. Amery in his conduct of the Mosul negotiations at Geneva, could have succeeded in their respective achievements, which have done more than anything else to restore British prestige throughout Europe and the East.

Iraq-Mosul

THE decision of the League to include the Mosul vilayet in the British mandate for a term of up to twenty-five years was almost a foregone conclusion. Any doubts which remained as the result of the violent anti-Government campaign in a section of the press were dissipated by the independent report of General Laidoner. Even more damning were the disclosures of his associated Commission of Inquiry as to the wholesale atrocities actually perpetrated by the Turks upon innocent and helpless Christians during the deliberations of the League, equal to the worst of the barbarities they ever practised upon the Armenians. Beyond doubt they were encouraged to these crimes by their belief in the power of their friends in the British press to produce a war scare.

It is, indeed, passing comprehension that any important section of the British press should choose to aid and abet the two discredited Governments, those of Russia and Turkey, beyond the pale of European civilization, which it is their aim to destroy. It is, perhaps, even more difficult to understand why they should persist in perpetuating the legend of the "Terrible Turk" as either capable or desirous of engaging the British Empire

in war. The map, repeatedly published in the *Daily Mail*, showing a serpentine route of approach of the British forces from England to the supposed theatre of hostilities, through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, and thence northwards a further 600 miles, was a sheer absurdity. Such land forces as would oppose Turks on the Mosul frontier would consist primarily of the native army, of which at least the Assyrian Christians could be relied upon to give a very good account of themselves under British officers, our Air forces already on the spot and easily reinforced, and native Indian troops better trained than the Turks and inured to the local climate and conditions. But the most serious part of British operations, of which the fear alone is calculated to hold the Turks in check, would obviously be concentrated upon Constantinople, Smyrna, Adalia, and Mercina* from the sea, at half the distance from Portsmouth of the fanciful line drawn by the *Daily Mail*. Moreover, in estimating the chances of war, other than purely strategic factors must be taken into consideration. The total population of the shrunken Turkey of to-day is not equal to that of London. While the old Turkey of the Caliphate functioned as a unit, the present jerry-built political structure is full of factions anxiously waiting their chance to destroy each other. They might possibly be kept under control by the dictatorship of a strong man. But, whatever Mustapha Kemal may have been during his rise to power, he is no longer to be taken too seriously. A dissolute drunkard, the chief weapon in his armoury is bluster.

The League and Public Opinion

Two reflections will occur to the observer of the Mesopotamian negotiations: firstly, that the League of Nations, even in a case where it could plead no excuse, has again proved to be constitutionally incapable of delivering a clear-cut logical verdict, and invariably seeks refuge in delay, evasion, and compromise; second, that hardly any one knows anything about the subject, while even fewer care a jot about it, unless perhaps the "damnable iteration" of their favourite paper should have

* The port of Adana, an important railway centre.

vaguely associated in their minds the ideas of "war" and "waste" with Mesopotamia. This general ignorance of the facts was forcibly illustrated the other day in a country constituency where, after the Conservative Association had unanimously passed a vote of confidence in Mr. Baldwin and the Government, it appeared that opinions as to Mesopotamia were divided. Speakers who could elucidate the subject, or in fact carry it any further than the aforesaid nebulous anxiety as to waste and war, could not be found, and a proposed debate now awaits the advent of some informed outsider. A little assurance and superficial knowledge would go far in such a case to carry haphazard resolutions either pro or con. Yet, were there at this juncture a General Election, Mosul might prove almost as effective an election cry as "Chinese Slavery," or the "Big Loaf." It would certainly be "anti," for that is the only point of view that can be mechanically forced down open mouths wholesale, as geese are stuffed to produce *pâté de foie gras*. The opposite view requires some knowledge and some study, in fact, some trouble—essentials which the popular press correctly judges to be rare amongst its readers. Such is democracy! In our issues of October and November last we dealt with the various aspects of the question comprehensively and without prolixity. We venture to think that the articles we published constitute a complete answer, at all points, to the advocates of scuttle.

Want of space compels us to hold over until next month criticism of the weak compromise involved in the award of the League in fixing the frontier on the strategically unsound Brussels line instead of at the natural strategic frontier on the crest line of the hills farther north. Having accepted the tribunal, we had no option but loyally to accept its ruling. We may hope, however, that by direct negotiation with the Turk, once he realizes that his allies in the British press are powerless to render him effective help, it may yet be possible to revise a frontier made without any logical justification whatever, and a conspicuous advertisement of the incompetence of the League of Nations.

It is a pity that those journals which honestly doubted the wisdom of our remaining in Iraq, instead of indulging

in entirely unsupported predictions of dire disaster, did not adopt the notably fair attitude of Mr. Herbert Sidebotham in the *Sunday Times* of December 20. After a well-balanced statement of the pros and cons, he formulated a questionnaire which he suggested should be frankly answered in the debate taking place as we write to-day. Every one of his questions certainly demanded the clear answer which we do not doubt it will have received from the spokesmen of the Government. Most of them had been anticipated in the articles we published in October and November. To one, which we have not seen so definitely put before, viz. Could we, in the event of Turkish aggression, count upon assistance from other members of the League, or would the responsibility fall solely upon ourselves as Mandatory? we venture the short answer that, if called upon, should the League fail to render us effective support through its members, such failure, following on its weakness in awarding us an unsound frontier, would be the end of the League.

The Irish "Settlement"

In the chorus of approval with which the "final" settlement of the Irish question has been received in this country, a vital point, closely touching its honour and that of its statesmen, has been strangely overlooked. That Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Lloyd George as the arch-conspirators in that act of dismemberment of this kingdom, the shameful Irish Treaty, should welcome a further surrender which they doubtless regard as a fortunate whitewashing of their misdeeds, is understandable. In the case of Lord Birkenhead, indeed, it seems to have resulted in a state of such uncontrolled elation as to render him incapable of observing even the common decencies of debate. It is not worth while to criticize the remission of the payment toward Imperial debt and services provided by the Treaty, the capital value of which was accurately stated by Mr. Baldwin as £154,000,000, and by Lord Birkenhead contemptuously as a mere £50,000,000 or so, which we could never hope to recover. That, in either case, it would be irrecoverable we agree, but the cynical admission which emerged from

Lord Birkenhead's remarks, that no one ever supposed otherwise and that, therefore, all the elaborate provisions of Article V of the Treaty could never have been regarded by their framers as anything but "eye-wash" to deceive the British taxpayer, should not be forgotten when next he appeals for public confidence.

The broad conditions of the settlement just made may be regarded as making the best of a bad job. Ulster, at least, has reason, upon the whole, to be satisfied. It may, or may not, have been worth while to give a brief extension of office to the Free State Government and to postpone the day of their final collapse and bankruptcy. Time will show, but at any rate we believe that the Government, with a choice of evils, chose the lesser. But we hold that in one respect their action was indefensible. While they seek credit for having extracted a promise from the Free State to refund to the British Government the amount expended by them in compensation for destruction of life and property since June 1919, they have, as Lord Carson said in the House of Lords, thrown away their last chance of obtaining justice from the Free State for the Southern Loyalists. They have thus deliberately abandoned a large body of loyal and valuable citizens, who were as fully entitled to protection as the citizens of London, and sacrificed them to the combined vanity and cowardice of Mr. Lloyd George in his desire to figure as the statesman who had solved the eternal Irish problem. The British public is but vaguely aware of the incredible atrocities perpetrated by the Southern Irish, including the men with whom the Treaty was made and members of the present Free State Government. We hope next month to publish facts which should shame the Government into a belated recognition of their duty.

The only conditions of the settlement affecting compensation is the undertaking given by the Free State to increase by 10 per cent. awards made under the Damage to Property Act of 1923. This merely helps to cover the deficiency arising from the depreciation of the Free State Bonds allotted in lieu of cash. But what if these bonds depreciate to 50 per cent. or less of their nominal value? And what of the large number of claimants who have received no compensation at all?

UNDER the former undertaking it is presumed that the British tax-payer will benefit by a few millions of money, when, if ever, such money is paid. In view of Lord Birkenhead's statement in the House of Lords, he regards it as impossible that such a sum can be paid, even over a period of sixty years. The economic condition of the Free State as revealed by the Government trade returns and the railway receipts points to only one end—bankruptcy.

A Base Betrayal

The settlement does not even touch the large question of compensation arising from consequential damage; that is, damage and losses for which the sufferers can claim no compensation under existing Acts.

The British Government might well have stipulated, in return for the cancellation of Article V of the Treaty, that the Free State should undertake responsibility for consequential damage claims, even if payment for such had been extended over a period of years, or made in Irish bonds with a British guarantee. The view, however, which appears to be taken by the British Government is that it is useless for them to increase financial demands upon the Free State which cannot meet them. If such a view is accepted it follows that the obligation rests upon the British Government to meet the reasonable claims of those who have no legal redress for the damage inflicted upon them owing entirely to their betrayal by that Government.

The Committee of Inquiry appointed by the British Government in July last to inquire into compensation claims has not yet made any report. This Committee has no power whatever to grant compensation, and can only make recommendations to the British Government with regard to typical cases of loss and hardship submitted for consideration, although the Government have undertaken to consider sympathetically any such recommendations.

Public opinion alone can bring pressure to bear on the Government to make adequate financial provision for Loyalist sufferers. It is true that the British tax-payer will have to find the money, but this is both a moral and a legal liability which he can only escape by an unpardonable act of repudiation on the part of the British Government.

No steps have been taken to safeguard the interests of Loyalists still resident in the Free State. Many of them are suffering to-day from the grossest injustice; e.g. people who have been granted compensation find that the money awarded is frequently retained wholly, or in part, by the Free State Revenue Office, and set off against alleged arrears of income-tax. In the majority of such cases the maximum income-tax has already been paid, in order to preserve the owners' title to land. In other cases income-tax has been assessed on incomes which do not exist, as the owners of property have been deprived of the use of their land for a long time. Cases are known in which owners of land have had their personal property seized to meet demands for rates and taxes on property from which they have been driven, and to which they dare not return. In other cases seizures have been made, in which the owners are not allowed to use their land though living upon it.

These classes of sufferers are ignored by the British Government, and the Free State is allowed to go on carrying out a policy which must eventually force these into bankruptcy, when their lands will be acquired free, thus relieving the Land Commission from the necessity of finding money, or even depreciated paper, to purchase it.

The case of the deserted Irish Loyalists, like that of the uncompensated civilian sufferers from enemy action in the war, provides a bitter commentary upon the fundamental defect of Parliamentary Government based upon universal suffrage. No casuistry, no flights of rhetoric about the greatest good of the greatest number, or government of the people by the people, can disguise the truth that votes, and votes alone, are the quest of politicians. It bodes ill for both these classes of sufferers that in no single constituency can they muster a sufficient number to turn an election.

French Cartel's Failure

The course of internal politics in France during the last eighteen months provides probably the most tragic example of the futility of the system of government into which the French Parliament has degenerated. The Parliamentary majority, known as the Cartel, a combina-

tion of groups of the Left in the Chamber, promised the electors to put the finances of the country in order. Four successive Governments have proposed remedies for purifying the finances, but nothing has been achieved, and instead of the Cartel correcting what it termed the blunders of the Bloc National, the previous Parliamentary majority of the Right, it has, by its incompetence, brought France to such a pass that the plain citizen is now losing hope, and wondering whether it would not be better for the business men of France to replace the politicians.

Why is it that the financial projects so far proposed have failed to rally the nation to make an effort to pull together? Simply because each bore the impress of a political party, and was not conceived in the interest of the nation as a whole. The deplorable financial situation of France is a national, and not a party question, just as the conduct of the war was the affair of all parties in the State, and not of politicians of the Right or Left.

For some weeks the groups of the Right have offered to co-operate in framing a solution of the financial problem, but their patriotic *geste* has been disdained, the egregious M. Herriot, who failed conspicuously as Premier, declaring that it would not be honourable for the famous Cartel, of which he is at the head, to associate itself with parties of the Centre and Right. Since May 2 last year, when the Cartel came into power, France has in truth been in the grip of a disastrous dictatorship, for it cannot be pretended that this French Socialist caucus is more truly representative of the average citizen than is the Bolshevik dictatorship in Russia.

The Next Step in France

We ventured the opinion last month that a system which results in a new Government every six months or thereabouts, each one only maintaining a precarious existence by internal compromises, cannot last indefinitely. M. Doumer must have achieved something like a record in that he is the sixth Finance Minister within eight months. Before these pages appear he may perhaps have been succeeded by a seventh. The absurdity of an eighth within the period of eight months is even conceivable; but if M. Doumer should fail, M. Briand may well decide

to resign also. The futility of Parliamentary Government in France will then have been so thoroughly exposed, at a moment of great national crisis, that the limit of patience will probably have been passed and common sense may call for a single strong man to extricate the nation from the pitiable mess into which that burlesque of the "will of the people," Parliamentary Government, has dragged it.

For some obscure reason the imminence of a more autocratic form of government has not been admitted, or has even been denied, in the British press until the last few days. It is now, however, more generally recognized that unless M. Briand can last in power until his proposed new electoral law has been passed and resulted in the elimination of the Cartel des Gauches and the reduction of parties to, broadly, two, Right and Left, with perhaps a pivotal Centre leaning generally to the Right, France is bound to go the way of her Latin neighbours, Italy and Spain. A large section of our press still affects to regard the virtual autocracies established in those countries as catastrophic. It is unwilling to admit that such supreme national advantages as internal order, financial stability, and enhanced prestige abroad could accrue from a form of government not based upon the deception and confusion of the always ignorant many by the jealousy, the incompetence, and the greed of party politicians in any country in which the Parliamentary system has broken down under the strain of universal suffrage.

That it had so utterly failed both in Italy and Spain is beyond question, and recent events leave no room for doubt that it has sunk nearly as low in France. The process of degeneration has happily been much slower in England, due to the fact that our Parliamentary system is of ancient growth and was deeply rooted in fine traditions long before it existed at all in the three countries referred to; and also, before it was exposed to the destructive influence of universal suffrage. Failing a majority electorate endowed with the intelligence and character imaginatively attributed to the ideal republics described by visionary writers, universal suffrage must inevitably end in the demoralization, not only of the electorate, but of those who seek their votes, for sooner or later honesty

and sincerity will give place to the arts of deceit and electoral bribery—politicians becoming adventurers and electors dupes. We cannot flatter ourselves that the rot has not begun in England. On the contrary it has already eaten deeply into our political life. But just as we know that the physical decay of the structure which houses our Parliament may be made good by the expenditure of money, so we may hope that the moral decay, which threatens our Parliamentary system, may yet be arrested by a re-birth of the virile national instincts which built the British Empire upon the foundation of the British race.

France *v.* Politicians

It was truly said of M. Briand's first attempt to establish control of the Chamber on December 5, that he was saved not by those who voted for him, but by those who abstained from voting.

Fifty-two Socialists pledged to vote against him found it convenient not to do so for the simple reason that an adverse majority would have meant the fall of the Government and almost certainly a dictatorship. Had there been any reasonable chance of a Blum or Herriot dictatorship their votes would have been cast against the Government, but they had no stomach for the much greater probability of a soldier above party politics. Laughable incidents indeed occurred, which showed their terror of such a catastrophe!

The position may be summarized as follows: With the single exception of M. Caillaux, who made a bold effort to force Parliament to face the facts and who might have saved the situation had he been given time and confidence, the French public now realize that they have been deceived by all the recent Cabinets. They are naturally unwilling to make the great sacrifices necessary to restore financial equilibrium, just as a friend is unwilling to throw good money after bad, merely to postpone the final collapse of a debtor who he knows has told him only half the truth. They know well that their country is very far from bankrupt, although their untrustworthy politicians have brought the State to the very verge of the abyss.

When these have been swept away and the nation gets a clear call from the strong man, untainted by party

politics, whose authority it is longing for, all classes, we believe, including the peasants, will readily respond to that call in the confidence that their country demands it.

The spontaneous action of the great industrialists of Lille is proof of the attitude of the wealthy business community. All other sections of the nation will be equally patriotic and clear-sighted as to their material interests. But they will not help a party politician to a few months of precarious office. The single command is as necessary to reorganize the demoralized condition of the State to-day, and to bring it the victory which lies within its grasp, as it was in the dark days of the war when, as we know, the control by one master-mind saved both France and her Allies.

China

THE Tariff Conference at Peking continues to discuss, in a spirit of benevolent make-believe, the various questions which arise out of China's claim to tariff autonomy, accepted in principle by the Powers. As was to be expected, the extravagance of Young China's demands has increased with every manifestation of the weakly conciliatory attitude adopted by the majority of the foreign delegates in deference to American ideas. In return for tariff autonomy, the Chinese have agreed to abolish in three years' time the provincial taxation on inland trade known as *lekin*, an undertaking which, as everyone knows full well, the Peking Government has not the power, even if it had the will, to perform. The discussion of this *lekin* question has reflected from the outset the fantastic idealism and unreality with which the whole proceedings of the Conference are permeated, for it is evident that when China obtains complete tariff autonomy in 1928 she will be free to impose such duties as she pleases on every branch and staple of foreign trade; in other words, *lekin*, under a dozen new names, will be limited only by the rapacity of the official and the capacity of the merchant.

An astonishing, not to say inexplicable, feature of the situation is the British Government's continued adherence to its policy of playing second fiddle to America in the Far East. The Colonial Secretary's recent statement,

concerning the necessity for a "careful and patient" attitude in China, would appear to justify belief in ex-Ambassador Harvey's remarkable assertion that Great Britain's foreign policy is governed by the principle that nothing must be done that might give offence to the United States. Yet it must be obvious to all who have any knowledge of Far Eastern affairs, that our position as an Asiatic power, not to mention our extremely important commercial interests in China, has nothing to gain and a great deal to lose by being thus subordinated to American policy. For that policy, despite all its protestations of disinterested altruism, is manifestly (and quite rightly) directed towards the promotion and protection of purely American interests, with many of which ours can have little or nothing in common.

Bolshevism in Asia

It is evidently high time for an expression of public opinion on this question, and for a clear statement in the House of Commons as to the Government's policy and purposes in China. The present attitude of subservience to American opinion has already wrought irreparable injury to a number of perfectly legitimate British interests. If we are to follow a common policy with the United States in the Far East, it should be on terms of equality and reciprocity, and based upon principles which common sense and experience can justify. The results which must inevitably follow from our present "careful and patient" attitude have been sufficiently demonstrated in the recent anti-British boycott, an agitation deliberately fomented and financed by Bolshevik agents at all the chief centres of our China trade. It might reasonably have been expected that America, as the avowed enemy of Bolshevism, would have done her utmost to dissuade the Chinese from lending themselves to the machinations of Moscow, but, as a matter of fact, the forces of disorder and anti-British violence, stimulated by the doctrines and dollars of Bolshevik agents, have been encouraged by the complacency, and in some cases by the openly-expressed sympathy, of American public opinion. The Red Peril in China is a very real and a rapidly increasing danger to the interests of every civilized nation. If we

can no longer afford an independent policy of our own, we should at least insist, in accepting American leadership, upon common counsels directed towards counteracting this danger. While our diplomats talk lightly of *lekin*, and our missionaries preach liberal gestures, the Soviet's representatives have made themselves supreme at Canton, Mongolia is become a dependency of Moscow, the Chinese Eastern Railway is in Red hands, and their agents are taking an active part in China's interminable civil war, while throughout the length and breadth of the land Bolshevik propaganda is sowing poisonous seeds of unrest and indiscipline in the schools. And that way lies war, for the ascendancy of Soviet influence in China must imperil not only the economic interests but the national security of Japan, and the Elder Statesmen of that country have still a national policy and the courage, if needs be, to assert it.

Demilitarized Zones

THE recent Græco-Bulgarian frontier incident, which might have precipitated another Balkan war, was happily nipped in the bud by the timely intervention of the League of Nations and the Rumbold Commission of Inquiry, resulting in a verdict with reasonable damages in favour of Bulgaria. We gather that Sir Horace Rumbold (who it is rumoured may succeed Lord d'Abernon as British Ambassador in Berlin) has suggested the creation of an international corps of frontier guards as less likely to be induced to shoot each other at sight upon the flimsiest excuse, or with none at all, than the Greeks and the Bulgars. The idea is certain to be examined as a means of interposing a useful insulation between two highly explosive populations. But the episode provides a concrete example of the probably greater efficacy of the interposition of the demilitarized zones advocated by Brigadier-General Spears. In this instance it may fairly be claimed that such a zone placed in charge of a force of international gendarmerie would have obviated the danger of conflict entirely. It would have served the purpose of a clearing in checking a forest fire, or of an asbestos partition between two very inflammable bodies in constant danger of spontaneous combustion.

CURRENT COMMENTS

THE storm of dissatisfaction which is raging about the programmes of the British Broadcasting Company has an interest beyond and above that of the subscribing "listeners-in." It vividly illustrates the eternal problem as to whether democracy tends to *level up* or *level down*. Even that eloquent champion of democracy, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the other day publicly deplored the fact that the spread of education had created an almost unlimited market for printed rubbish.

B.B.C.

The education of our masters, indeed, does not seem to have advanced much beyond this stage. As they number probably fifty to one of the population, how is it possible that any conceivable single programme could satisfy that vast army of listeners, calculated to number about 10,000,000? It is not that there are two easily distinguished tastes, but a dozen. A newspaper has at least the advantage that it purveys the news of the day, much of which, especially the least important, is of interest to all classes. But a popular newspaper will sometimes unaccountably amaze its readers by an aberration which shocks their confidence in its judgment and disturbs their belief in the Olympian infallibility of editors and newspaper proprietors.

Not many of us, perhaps, know much about Mesopotamia, and still fewer are inclined to call it blessed. But what can those who have even an elementary knowledge of the truth think of the *Daily Mail's* plunge "off the deep end" into a violent controversy, the only result of which can be to lower its prestige as a sane, well-informed, and patriotic journal? Even more bewildering, perhaps, are the intellectual inconsistencies of Mr. Garvin in the *Observer*.

On a recent Sunday two articles appeared in it which it was almost impossible to conceive could have emanated from the same pen or have been approved by the same editor. The first, signed by Mr. Garvin himself, was an admirable reply, conceived in that proud spirit of patriotism of which he so often gives his readers a fine example, to ex-Ambassador Harvey's somewhat premature obituary notice of the English nation; the second, a nauseating appeal to take at their own

valuation, and embrace, the foulest gang of criminals, liars, murderers, and thieves the world has ever known, the alien tyrants of Russia.

If upon the same day a journal admittedly appealing, more or less, to one class, can offer its readers such irreconcilable views, how is it possible that the B.B.C. can satisfy their 10,000,000 listeners with a single programme, or even with two?

Kinema Safeguards

EVERYONE, except the foreign importers and exploiters of films, is agreed that from the public point of view the British kinema industry, both as regards production and exhibition, is in a very unhealthy state. There is no agreement as to the remedy.

A large proportion of American films are not merely æsthetically abominable, like Mr. Epstein's "Rima," but positively pernicious in their influence upon the youth which finds in "the pictures" its most constant form of entertainment. Obviously there is little or no analogy between films and plays. Children and adolescents are not greatly affected by the latter, and there is, moreover, always a wealth of artistic and innocuous plays from which parents may choose. Mr. Frederick Lonsdale and Mr. Noel Coward would probably admit that their plays are not precisely what the French call *jeune fille*, but they would protest that they were not written for children.

The foreign, chiefly American, importers of films, together with a considerable number of only nominally British speculators, have secured control of so many of the picture theatres that a free market for British films will only be established by legislation of some kind.

There have been many conferences and much argument as to the best means of attaining the desired purpose. The most generally favoured idea is to suppress the system of block-booking by which importers are able to coerce the renter into accepting all their rubbish, or worse, as the only condition upon which he can secure the famous, and often admirable, films indispensable to the success of his theatre. A minimum proportion of British films could hardly be enforced in respect of any particular programme, or week, unless it were limited to,

say, a nominal ten per cent. A big foreign picture may easily occupy practically the whole of a single show. It should, however, be practicable to stipulate for the exhibition of not less than one-quarter or one-third of British pictures at any theatre during the year, and so provide a sufficient demand for the British producer.

There remain, however, two equally important considerations. One is to safeguard the youthful audience against the demoralizing influence of unsuitable films, and the other is to provide revenue for the relief of taxation.

The first purpose should in our view be served by a much more drastic exercise of the powers of censorship, with perhaps a special licence authorizing exhibition to children; the second by a stiff tax upon all imported films.

When it is remembered that American films with their vast home market have already realized corresponding profits before they reach our country; that, therefore, those exported are more nearly all profit than the twentieth edition of a novel; that it is more easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than to secure a fair show for a British film in America; that American films are a quite needless and frequently demoralizing luxury; and, finally, that we are paying a crippling gold tribute to America for her belated decision to win the war, surely even the straitest of free traders would agree that the American kinema multi-millionaires might usefully contribute toward relief of taxation of our breakfast tables.

The Cult of Ugliness

THE cult of ugliness is growing, and it is more closely associated with degenerate bestiality than many of its disciples yet choose to admit. We have received No. 1 of a new monthly magazine "for favour of review," which is evidently designed to collect and disseminate the garbage that tickles the palates of the decadents whose artistic creed is identical with that of the Bolsheviks in politics. Its cover should condemn its designer to a mad-house. Some of its illustrations suggest either the efforts of an infant before the age of speech or the chance effects of an ink-

bottle thrown at a wall. Others are frankly lewd. To review the letterpress would entail its perusal, a task we would not inflict upon any of our reviewers.

Lord Balfour on superior critics of Scott and Stevenson

THE slipshod unbalanced comment which is so often accepted as "literary criticism" seems to be concentrating its depreciating efforts upon the works of Robert Louis Stevenson and Sir Walter Scott. Fashionable writers such as Mr. E. F. Benson have dissected Stevenson's books, and by this process satisfied themselves that he was a mere tinsel writer who could only be admired by sentimental Victorians. Equally devastating abuse has been directed against the writings of Sir Walter Scott. The headmaster of a famous public school recently contributed a pompous article to an evening newspaper which contained the statement that Scott "could not be accepted as a great writer, but he was, no doubt, a clever and healthy writer of romance for children." This fatuous stuff is admirably castigated in the following delightful appreciation of Scott and Stevenson contained in a speech which Lord Balfour made the other day in Edinburgh:

> I first heard of Stevenson from an English friend. I was sitting in the House of Commons next to Lord Randolph Churchill, who had just come back from a visit to Eton, and who turned to me and said: "Every master and every boy in the school is absorbed in 'Treasure Island.'" I had never heard of 'Treasure Island.' I have heard of it a great deal since. I have heard it praised, and I have never heard it criticised. . .
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> It is a great thought for those of us who live in the Lothians that the greatest master at the beginning of the Romantic period was an Edinburgh man. The genius of Scott and the genius of Stevenson, each in their own kind supreme, were yet very different, and might be made the subject of a not uninstructive comparison. I have read in criticisms that Scott's style was somewhat loose and slipshod, and I read the other day that Stevenson erred by writing too well, that his style was too perfect, and if I remember rightly, the author of this singular criticism based himself upon some observations of Anatole France. I do not know whether there are many writers among the audience I address. All that I can say to you is that if you succeed in writing as well as Scott you will not do badly, and you need have no fear that you will fall into the literary error of which the critic has accused Stevenson. You will probably never be accused of writing too well. After all, those two great men were Romantics to the marrow of their bones. It was not a vision that made them Romantics; they were born so. Everything they wrote, all the best things they ever did, were the fruit and flower of the Romantic Movement.

An Open Letter to the Prime Minister

By A Candid Friend

SIR,—The beginning of the New Year is the time-honoured occasion, not only for pious resolutions, but for national and individual stocktakings. Permit me, therefore, as your sincere well-wisher and a lifelong Conservative, to present you with a draft of your political balance sheet, and at the same time to express what I believe the bulk of your supporters have expected from you in the past and—if, so far, not fully realized—earnestly hope for in the future. The rôle of the "Candid Friend" is at best an ungrateful one, but it has this compensation, it enables me to tell you at first hand what the rank and file are thinking if not saying, and feeling if not thinking. You hear the evanescent cheers of your supporters: I hear their doubts and misgivings, when they compare notes in the cold light of economic facts and gloomy trade conditions. I know that the Conservative Party is ill at ease, more especially the business community and the younger generation. Tolerance comes with middle age, but youth—from which our party must be recruited or perish—is both logical and impatient. The younger generation looked for a definite virile policy; you gave them appeals to an altruism to which they would gladly respond, but to which they fear too many of our opponents will be deaf. They expected a strong lead against the abuses of Trade Unionism; you gave them diluted Socialism in the form of pensions and subsidies. They gratefully recognize that your influence in foreign policy has powerfully helped to restore that British prestige which is in itself a strong guarantee of peace, but they are doubtful if you are taking an equally definite line toward the economic reconstruction of the country. The best elements of the nation believe in individual freedom and self-reliance, above all, in the "Right to Work." Although you are the author of the illuminating phrase "Sheltered Industries," you have done nothing yet to

remove an economic blot which is paralysing our unsheltered industries. You still seem inclined to let your heart run away with your head, and to dose the country with doles and subsidies for eleemosynary purposes called social betterment, rather than recognize the elementary truth that a man is worthy of his hire—just so much and no more. When I talk to you about economic laws you tell me that man does not live by bread alone; and if I venture to suggest that nevertheless we cannot live without bread and that at least we might enforce existing laws, you counter with "Peace in our time," which is, of course, the primary maxim of every politician. We, your Conservative supporters, know well that your conciliatory temper and love of peace will not lead you to purchase peace at any price, but we do fear that our opponents may so thus interpret them. When your attention is called to the fact that our population is growing by two or three hundred thousand a year, that our acres are not getting any bigger, and that our export trade is declining* owing to the Socialist demands of Labour and our reduced capital accumulations, you respond with glowing references to the illimitable resources of the Empire (which, in fact, we are doing little to develop), and a trifling preference on currants and tinned fruit. These are hardly adequate answers to our problems. You know, as well as I do, that the Dominions have not the least intention of absorbing our hundreds of thousands of unemployed, firstly, because they cannot unless each emigrant has about £1,000 of capital for development purposes, and, secondly, because a large proportion of the unemployed are unprepared to face the hard work and long hours of labour which obtain elsewhere. However desirable, emigration is no solution; the problem is far too big for that; and, in any case, why should people emigrate so long as we put a premium upon staying at home in the shape of a scandalously administered "dole" and relief on the "Poplar" scale?

And so we drift. Largely by the accident of the Zinovieff letter, we have a comfortable majority, but at the back of the mind of the electorate, yes, and all the

* Now for the first time showing an adverse balance of over £20,000,000.

best of the working classes, was a silent prayer for a strong, common-sense policy, a policy which would put an end to the tyranny of the Trade Unions and their Communist tail—or is it the head? Rather than face the stern and hard reality of economic laws, you cheerfully incur a capital liability of 700 millions for widows' pensions and other benefits, thus adding to the already intolerable burdens upon industry. "Swearing you would ne'er consent, consenting," you refused a subsidy to the miners in the morning and gave way in the afternoon. I wonder why? These tentative adventures into the domain of Socialism, which in a man of less proved patriotism and nobility of purpose would be stigmatized as opportunism, you have, I am sure, honestly convinced yourself are far-sighted statesmanship. But how long do you think you will maintain your fortunate majority on these lines? Are you quite sure that a swing of the pendulum, bred of apathy and discontent, will not bring back a Socialist Government in power as in office, and do you think your policy of graceful concessions, of subsidies and pensions, and an unreformed House of Lords, will guard us against the wild-cat finance of Mr. Wheatley and the ridiculous economics of Mr. Mosley? I am afraid you will reply in the well-approved fashion, that these are wild and whirling words. That is common form, if one is unwilling to face the facts, as is also the well-worn observation that one has a profound belief in the sound common sense of the great British Public. I, indeed, share that belief, if we are dealing with men individually; but mass psychology is a queer thing, and who can set bounds to its divagations, if played upon by plausible extremists who have managed to get hold of the political "machine"? We look to you to resist the growing influence of what a writer in this REVIEW last month described as the insidious Socialist catchphrase, "the inevitability of gradualness." There was not, however, much gradualness about the threat of the Trade Unions in the recent coal crisis, nor about your ransom, of probably 20 millions, rather than take up the glove of revolution. Surely you, whom we all recognize as placing patriotism above politics and principle above party, realize that a Government which abandons

principle and apostrophizes expediency may purchase an inglorious peace at the cost of its self-respect and far greater eventual financial loss? We did not talk about "expediency" in 1914; and let me suggest to you that a Government which nicely balances "profit and loss" against "right and wrong"—20 millions for intimidation and the coal subvention, against a possible 100 millions for loss of trade—gains neither the applause of its supporters nor the gratitude of its opponents.

Such is the political balance sheet of the year 1925. If it has not realized all our expectations we cherish the hope that it contains "concealed reserves" upon which we believe you will have the courage to draw when occasion requires. What, therefore, of the future? You not only retain, but have enhanced, one priceless asset—the respect of your supporters and their well-founded belief in your highmindedness and integrity. But honesty must be supplemented by policy, and policy by action. The times are too critical for pious aspirations and a mere waiting upon events. And here, if for a moment I may place myself in your exalted position, may I tell you what I should do, and what, I venture to say, the country expects from you? In one special sense my policy would be one of masterly inactivity. I should learn to say No, No, No. I should oppose all requests for Governmental interference in issues outside their province. For example, it is not the business of the Government to *make work;* that is a function of individual enterprise. In any case it is economically impossible, and the only result of the attempt is to withdraw taxpayers' money productively employed, and to spend it unproductively. Therefore I should reduce to a minimum "export credit" schemes and guaranteed loans, in regard to which the nation takes the risk and the individual the profit, if any. The tale of the nation's losses in these directions is yet to be told. I should realize that I was a Conservative politician, elected by the Conservative Party, with a clear mandate against collectivism and in favour of individualism. I should realize that the business of a Government is to govern, and not to be intimidated by threats of outside organizations. I should legislate against sympathetic strikes, and revise the Trades

Disputes Act, which in effect, if not in theory, legalizes intimidation under the guise of "peaceful picketing," and gives immunity to Trade Union funds against all principles of the common law. Whilst there is yet time, and considerable time is required for the purpose, I should reform the Second Chamber, a reform which has "brooked no delay" for the last fifteen years. Instead of troubling about "safeguarding industry," which can take care of itself if left alone, I should safeguard liberty. I should put in the forefront of my policy "The Right to Work," that is to say, the right of every individual to work on such terms and conditions as he may elect, and be able to secure, without outside interference. To-day that right is denied to the British worker, largely by intimidation, and by other means well known to Trade Union bosses. The "Right to Work" is a cry which would sweep the country if liberty is still a word to conjure with. Then there is the question of the "Political Levy," and the secrecy of Trade Union ballots. On these issues, however, opinion is divided. There is such a thing as over-legislation and spoon-feeding, and, on the whole, I should say first things first. As regards the application of the Safeguarding of Industries Act, I should certainly implement the definite pledge given to the electorate not to introduce Protection, which in my view is being achieved piecemeal by partisan and strained interpretations of the provisions of the Act. The country was given to understand that the Safeguarding of Industries Act was merely devised to "ease the shoe" where it pinched here and there through the effects of inflated currency and deliberate dumping. They were not prepared for a new pair of shoes on the flimsiest of excuses, more especially when the authority which decided held a brief for the shoemakers.

The one industry which in my view is entitled to look to the Conservative Party for a reasonable measure of protection, agriculture, seems, unfortunately, to have been sacrificed to the desire of placating the preponderating vote of the towns. While, otherwise, I would counsel faithful adherence to your disavowal of the policy of Protection, I should favour a toll for revenue purposes to be levied upon the entry of foreign manufactures into

our market, at least equivalent to the charges upon our own industries in the shape of rates and taxes.

On questions of finance, the Premier of my dreams should be adamant. Expenditure depends upon *policy* even more than upon cheese-paring economies in the salaries of Civil Servants, or in the reduction of staff, not that I suggest that these are unworthy of attention. It is *policy* that counts, and if people want wages without working, pensions for nominal contributions, free education, housing subsidies, and other forms of relief, which, according to the Drage return, if my memory serves me, amount to 360 millions a year, the nation must pay for them. And here let me interpolate an observation which you might take to heart. We are always talking of the "State"; the State must do this, and the State must do that. If, instead of the "State," we used the word "taxpayer," it would lead to a far clearer comprehension of elementary economics. In this connection I would commend to your consideration the advisability of extending the field of direct as against indirect taxation.

If Income Tax were assessed on all incomes, and effectively on *wages* (as in Germany), and taxation reduced on what wage-earners buy, the result might be to moderate the "Demands of Labour," and the appetite for bread and circuses, or, rather, for more circuses than bread. Of course, I am aware that there are certain psychological considerations against direct taxation, and also administrative difficulties which cannot be ignored. Still it is easy to exaggerate such objections, and it is certainly important that if an elector votes for "doles" and other social amenities, some method should be adopted of bringing home to him in concrete fashion that he who calls the tune must pay the piper. Then there is the question of the "Sheltered Trades," which is not beyond legislative control, if there be a real desire to remedy an evil which is strangling our export trade. Out of 17 million workers one-half are receiving wages 100 per cent. above pre-war level, and the other half only 60 per cent. above. The result of this is that a large proportion of this 40 per cent. discrepancy operates not only as an added cost to our exports, but as a galling grievance to the less favoured section of our workers.

And now let me add a final word on the great problem of unemployment. Rightly or wrongly, upon that issue you will be judged, and stand or fall, and a straight course will need all your courage and grit. I should insist (and forgive me if I am repeating myself) that it is not the business of Government to "make work." It is not only outside their province, but, except in a slave state, beyond their economic capacity. The only business of a Government, and especially a Conservative Government, is to establish conditions which give free play to individual enterprise and effort, while guarding by appropriate legislation against the abuse of monopolistic power on the part, not only of the masters, but of the men. With this proviso I should make the "Right to Work" a reality and not a sham, and on these lines I venture to suggest that the problem of unemployment will find its true and only possible solution. I grant that you may incur a certain measure of unpopularity. Your official opponents you can afford to neglect, and should you lose perchance some of your weaker adherents, you may rest assured that you will gain tenfold in the esteem and respect of those who regard individualism and freedom, not as a mere vote-catching phrase, but as a political faith worth fighting and dying for.

With renewed expression of my sincere regard,

Believe me, sir, to be,

A CANDID FRIEND.

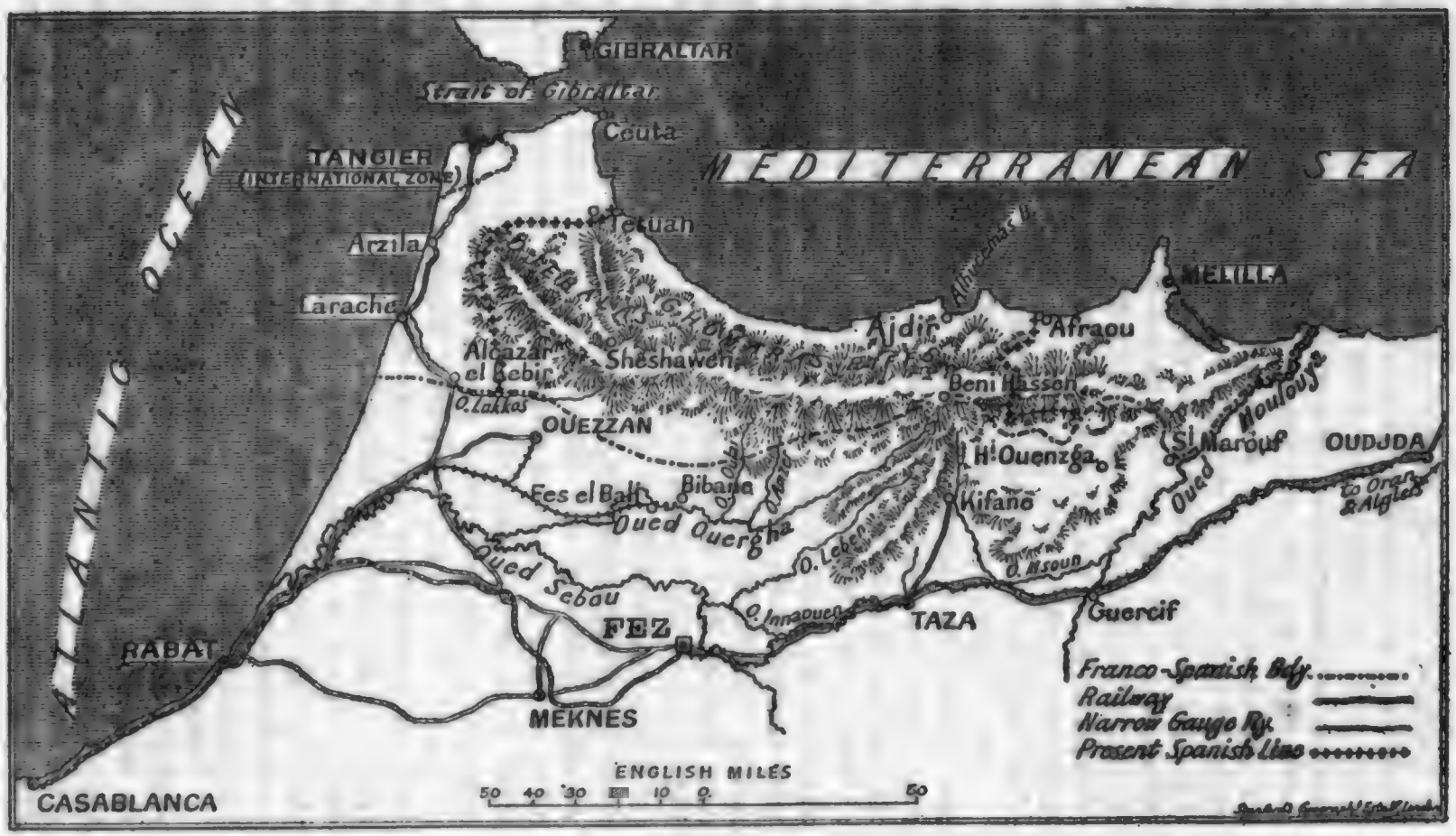
Dangers and Doubts in Morocco

By J. M. N. Jeffries

Most people seem to be rather at a loss about what is occurring and has occurred in Morocco. This is not so very surprising, perhaps, since the elements which go to make up the situation there are really most confusing and out of proportion with one another. The origin of the war is already lost in the mists of modernity, and while the campaign proper has been chronicled from the French side, the politics which have faithfully accompanied it have been veiled in a certain coy obscurity.

As one tries to arrange in some order the points of the situation, one by one they seem to turn into enigmas. How is it that the second soldier of France and the virtual ruler of Spain, with great guns and tanks, battleships and squadrons of aircraft and many men, are found leagued together against a mere mountain chieftain? How is it that, though the war has always been supremely unpopular in France, yet a none too strong Government, craving for opportunities of popularity, prosecuted and intensified it? Why did the Dictator of Spain (be he civil or military), whose hold over his country sprang more than anything else from the way in which he had reduced her commitments and narrowed her area of war, risk his Government and, perchance, even put the Monarchy into the balance, flout the advice of admirals at sea and of generals on land, in order to make a bid at occupying a desolate and trifling hamlet on the coast of Africa?

And to confuse and darken these primal mysteries, how well the whole setting of the war has concurred. European adventurers have fought for the Berber clansmen; Communists have provided capital for a national movement; Germans have served with the greatest prominence on both sides; the combat was never so thick but emissaries were moving hot-foot through it with peace terms of doubtful source to uncertain bournes; that somewhat *passée* lady, Tangier, has screamed piercingly


GIBRALTAR
Strait of Gibraltar
Ceuta
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
TANGIER
(INTERNATIONAL ZONE)
Tetuan
Arzila
Larache
MELILLA
Alhucemas I.
Ajdir
Afraou
Alcazar
el Kebir
Sheshawen
Beni Hasson
O. Lakkos
OUEZZAN
Si Maroûf
OUDJDA
Houloûya
Hi Ouenzga
Fes el Bali
Bibana
Kifano
Oued Ouergha
Oued
to Oran & Algiers
O. Lebeu
O. Msoun
Oued Sebou
O. Innaouen
TAZA
Guercif
FEZ
RABAT
MEKNES
Franco-Spanish Bdy.
Railway
Narrow Gauge Ry.
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at frequent intervals in an endeavour to persuade the world that all the pother is due to her fatal charms; and every now and then it has been possible to descry diplomatists hovering like aeroplanes on the horizon, ready to overwhelm any and everybody on the field by dropping an explosive treaty, or a memorandum or two, charged with the subtly-stupefying gas of *expertise*. Small wonder that the average observer, turning everything over, has felt as mixed as the material before him, and when he has formed an opinion at all has placed the war in the category of puzzles or of mining concessions, the greed for which latter is generally understood to be the final explanation of all inexplicable colonial conflicts.

And, indeed, it is to a colonial conflict, whether or not fought for concessions, that people in England are most likely to assimilate it. While the outward aspect of the campaign may lend some colour to this view, in point of fact the Moroccan operations have consequences attached to them which have made them very far and very sternly removed from those "sort-of-wars" against native potentates, which have been so common in our own history that they might well have been entered at Stationers' Hall. Such wars *de luxe*, most often carried to their conclusion by due observance of the sacred rites of muddling-through, were only possible for the wealthy States of the late- or mid-nineteenth century, albeit those States, as we now see, scarcely fingered either their treasure or their man-power to wage them. The colonies on the fringes of which they were fought were in those days, too, veritable dependencies, and any military reverses or even any disasters which did from time to time occur in Zululand or Tonkin, or where you will, as part of the muddling-through process, were but the burning of outhouses. The home-palaces of Britain or of France towered on despite them, unchallenged and unchallengeable.

Since then, however, the face of the world has changed, and the happy conditions under which small wars could be lodged in the annexe no longer exist. Europe has become a debtors' prison. The aforetime dependencies grow more and more to be the support of the motherlands. And into these overseas territories the whole structure

of the parent-countries has been so grafted and welded that a genuine disaster in any one of them would come as an earthquake shock to the whole pile.

Nothing in this order is so little realized as the almost tragic interdependence of France and her colonies. Least of all peoples do the French themselves, as apart from some of their rulers, realize it, though it is the clue to the dispatch of Marshal Pétain to the African front and to the maintenance there of probably about one fifth of the entire forces of France. French emigration has been paltry, and for this reason the French in the main do not feel their colonies to be part of themselves. No outlook could be more fallacious, for though the French may not have emigrated, every day it grows more obvious that, willy nilly, France herself is passing over the Mediterranean Sea.

Bled ashen white by the Great War and the terrible epidemics which followed it, and between them brought to a head the peril of her shrinking population, France has now literally not enough of her sons left to carry on the full work of the nation. "*Il n'y a plus de français*" has become almost a cant warning amid French writers and speakers. Italians, Poles, and the subjects of various Central European countries are now in great numbers in France, doing the industrial and engineering labour, and even some of the farming, for which the supply of Frenchmen is beginning to fail.

Such Government and private measures as have been taken to counteract depopulation are but palliatives, and unless her population increases France is faced with the greatest crisis of her existence. At other periods she has been conquered or in danger of conquest, but what does conquest signify to a growing and prolific race compared to the realization of self-feebleness which sooner or later must come to a dwindling one, look all around though it may on the plains of new-won victory?

In this desperate issue, for a measure of temporary salvation at least, France has turned to her great Colonial Empire, and has filled the thinning cadres of her army with her black or dark-skinned subjects. From Algeria, Senegal, Indo-China, Madagascar, and Tunis she draws conscripts; from Morocco she draws volunteer levies.

Fairly recent figures show that the infantry of France is composed of seventy-one French regiments of the line and thirty battalions of chasseurs, as against fifty African regiments and the Foreign Legion—largely composed of Germans now—the present strength of which in Morocco is approximately a division. Against Frenchmen in the Zouaves may be balanced other races in other branches of the service. In any case the infantry defence is increasingly entrusted to African hands. And the infantryman, the peasant of the army, holds the same crucial position in it which the agricultural labourer does in civil life. The onus of all things falls finally upon him.

There is nothing to be gained by shirking facts. With so many of her defenders no longer of French blood, the old France, confined to French soil, and standing or falling by the deeds of Frenchmen alone, is no longer existent. Where her soldiers are, there is France, and on their battlefields, wherever they be, France herself advances or is invaded.

From this position she may, in the past, have drawn advantages. The shadow of her African legions may in its time have loomed potently over the table at which there was international bargaining. But then, last April, began the war with Abd-el-Krim, and spread into an insurrection. What was the real import of that Moorish insurrection? Not the gain or loss of territory, not the emergence or disappearance of a Riff State. What mattered was that last spring Abd-el-Krim took a hand in the great international card-game and, in the poker phrase, "called" the legendary African army of France.

France's empire, like any other, wholly depends upon the maintenance of prestige. Let that army fail to defeat Abd-el-Krim, and not only would it cease to be the international asset it has been, but also its own discipline, necessary as the sun in the sky to France, could not but be corroded by her native troops' loss of confidence in a ruling race which had failed to worst a man of African blood. In which eventuality France, with her shrinking white forces, is definitely thrown back for her security in a more prolific world upon alliances or pacts which depend upon the temper of the period, and are granted in return for the shackling of her national will.

What has been at stake, therefore, in Morocco, has been nothing less than the whole position of France as a State, at a time when the world cannot afford the undermining of great States. The war may have begun as a struggle for territory beyond the river Wergha, but when Abd-el-Krim wrested the offensive, took French posts, and threatened French strongholds, it soon transcended its first terms of reference. The war in Morocco became the war in France.

The four months from April to July provided those of us who were on that duplicate territory with a deeply disquieting spectacle. One day it would be said that a given tribe was showing symptoms of "*énervement*," the next that there were "symptoms of disturbance" amid it, and in a day or two it had joined the enemy. One morn of mid-July, Branès levies filed out from a French post above Taza to reconnoitre for Abd-el-Krim's men, and a few hours later filed back and, once inside the post, told the few French occupants that they were prisoners, for in the interval the Branès themselves had decided to go over to the other side.

Incidents of this sort, and there were not a few of them, showed how the occupying Power's prestige was waning. The failure of Paris to send reinforcements was the chief factor in this. Native opinion, which had visualized an angry France rising in her might and crushing the insurrection, saw instead emptying ranks refilled with nothing but promises. French officers and N.C.O.'s, bitterly aware of the peril, were now fighting at every point of the compass to maintain their country's renown. Junior officers, above all the astounding *officiers de renseignements*, showed pure heroism by isolating themselves amidst those levies which were thought most likely to desert. The presence of these solitary brave men did, in cases, restrain desertions for several days. One such officer was told by the Moors amidst whom he was that they were going to the other camp, but that they respected him so much they would not harm him, and as (after vain efforts to dissuade them) he rode away they saluted as he passed through their ranks. Other officers on the contrary were butchered.

Ranking officers vied with their juniors. Men like

Colonel Giraud, whose name is honoured throughout Morocco, marched and rode night and day. This remarkable soldier, who when a prisoner of Germany had escaped and baffled all search for him by appearing in Brussels as a clown in a circus, led a sort of Falstaff's (but fighting) force, which he produced at all moments, at all points, striving to give the impression that here at last were the reinforcements for which he himself waited and pined. He was severely wounded in the end. But by the close of June the whole North was in revolt, and the artery road from the Atlantic to Algeria was endangered. Wezzan and Taza had successively been evacuated of most of their civilian population. Taounat, the chief of the two bridge-heads still maintained across the Wergha, was within an ace of being abandoned.

But what concerned commanders most was the weakened fighting-power of their own army. That army had been in the breach for months, and neither white infantry nor the much-desired mule-batteries came to its help. Field artillery which had been sent had proved useful, but very expensive and not omnipotent. The first tanks had been no use owing to their crews' ignorance of the country; their day was yet to come. So one way and another the strength of discipline was lessened. It was not that there were open mutinies; I only heard of one company which refused point blank to go to the front. But the danger of them increased daily. There were no reliefs; the best troops were continually called on for fresh efforts, and death or wounds seemed the only prospect. The quality which the French so well define as *allant* diminished perceptibly. If some posts were desperately held, treachery for the first time showed its head in others, as in the case of Astar, betrayed by native regulars, who murdered, under atrocious circumstances, the Frenchman in command. Riff appeals to Moslem sentiment were not so vain as they had been. The Foreign Legion came to be the great stand-by of the defence, and the people of France owe perhaps a deeper debt of gratitude than is generally known to this grizzled, unromantic, ragged, heroic body of men. One battalion had 80 per cent. casualties; Marshal Lyautey embraced and decorated most of the survivors. But there it was;

in early July Ain Aissha, the small, rough Aldershot of the front, was under rifle fire; Bab Morouj was in peril; retirement or grim defence was the order of the day; admire their own officers as they might still, yet Algerians and Senegalese felt themselves forgotten by official France, and something of the heavenly glory was passing from the tricolour.

Meanwhile, in France itself, some twenty million electors' heads were in ostrich-holes. Knowing no France but that between Calais and Vintimille, the average workman or bourgeois did not perceive that the remote pawn from the Riff mountains might control the destinies of the Republic on its home square. He would not hear of French conscripts, now rare and valuable units, being sent at great expense overseas to fight Moors.

Monsieur Painlevé was faced, therefore, with an uninstructed electorate and an opposition which either was not, or had to pretend not to be, wiser than its electors. A deputy who, amid others, had visited the front, looking down from the observatory of Bou Mehiris on the parched and stark landscape, cried: "Is it for a stoneheap like this we are fighting?" If M. Painlevé had braved the situation, demanded credits and dispatched at once the needed reinforcements, he might have been driven by an adverse vote into resignation. He might as well have offered Fez to Abd-el-Krim as have incurred at that hour the dangers and delays inevitable while a new Government informed itself and made up its mind to action, if, indeed, it did not win office by promising suspension of hostilities.

He decided on a mid-course. He asked for insufficient credits, and left the accounting for the excess expenditure to future days, when victory should balance all accounts. As for the reinforcements, he waited for the Chamber to rise before sending them. There was a sort of race between the Chamber of Deputies and the insurrection, but fortunately the Chamber rose before the whole of Morocco did.

Along with the first reinforcements came General Naulin to lead the army, and on his heels Marshal Pétain to command him. The coming of the Marshal was a political as well as a military move. He could demand

resources in men and money which the Government, to its own satisfaction, could not refuse him. With his arrival the war entered on a new stage, which is not yet concluded. French and Spanish between them have enclosed the Riff and established themselves in winter-positions from which a spring campaign into the heart of it will be in the limits of possibility.

Yet the position at the end of Pétain's autumn campaign remains an uncertain one. Abd-el-Krim has lost a good deal of empty territory. At Tizli Ouzli, for example, north-east of Kiffane, the French are miles beyond where they have hitherto put their feet in Morocco. In the centre the notoriously dangerous tract between Kelaa des Sless and Ain Aissha has been rectified by the seizure of the south bank of the Wergha. If anywhere there was real peril, it was here, and if the French maintain and consolidate their position here and in the Bibane district slightly westward, they will have made a great military and moral gain. On the other hand, there is a very impenetrable mountain-bulk, the Senhadja, over against the French stronghold of Taounat, which is still unsubdued. The line between this and Taza runs much where it did last July, slightly hazily. On the extreme left, in the Wezzan sector, the position seems pretty stable.

The chief movement of the autumn was, of course, the swinging-up of the French right wing to junction with the Spaniards in the east sector. It was a triumphant advance, but it must be said that the Riff leader knew the advance was coming, and that the absence of resistance may have been part of his strategy. The country is sparsely populated in those parts, and never was the source of much Riff action. At the same time, by their mere demonstration of strength and recapture of the offensive, the French obviously served the dominant aim of their campaign and secured bases for an advance in the spring.

The paramount question is, has the army of Africa regained its old self-confidence? On the whole, yes. But the first recovery of morale is like one of those first reactions from illness in the atmosphere of care and abundance which prevails in a hospital. Will it persist when ordinary, unsafeguarded daily life is resumed?

Pétain and Naulin removed the feeling of abandonment which prevailed in the army by the reinforcements they brought with them. According to Government figures, the number of men in Morocco rose to 149,000. Eighty thousand of these were in the war-zone, 60,000 or so in the front lines. And 15,000 Frenchmen gave the African contingents some indication at least at that time that the motherland was with them.

Great numbers of those French troops have now been withdrawn, and expenses have been reduced. The test of the cure will come if the Riffians, who have winter-mobility, attack the French winter quarters. Communications are very bad, for the rains have been heavy this autumn in Morocco. Really heavy rains mean that some French posts become dependent on camel transport. There is probably a good deal more sniping of both French and Spanish troops even now than gets into *communiqués*, which, in any case, are scarcely published outside France, and not always there.

Most of the revolted tribes whose territory has been retaken, have demanded the ***aman***, that is to say, made formal submission to the French. But the few which have not done so are the more important, and some of those who have are notoriously fickle. Abd-el-Krim himself has at times spoken angrily of his "Arab allies." Who can guarantee that the Branès and others of that ilk are not merely passing the winter conveniently in their own countryside without any sort of privation, and awaiting the upshot of the next few months with a full intention of revolting all over again if conditions permit?

Abd-el-Krim and his twenty-five to thirty-five thousand home-tribesmen are probably not at all in the divided and ready-to-surrender condition in which so many reports have placed them. Their leader has never seriously engaged this Old Guard, the descendants of men who have never yet been subdued. While it may be in the power of France and Spain united to subdue them by another forward move in the spring, it is far from a certainty, and Abd-el-Krim and his exceedingly able brother, Si Mohammed, are without the least doubt counting on political difficulties in both countries to prevent this spring campaign from ever taking place.

No doubt it was hoped in France that the autumn campaign's extension would bring home to the public some idea of the great dangers latent in Morocco. But the French man-in-the-street was not told the truth with sufficient bluntness. He neither draws inferences nor reads between lines, and only reacts to definite information. Within one's knowledge, he has not been informed frankly that in a military sense he and his fellow-countrymen have ceased to be self-supporting. He has not been informed of how his fate is bound up with that of his colonies. Regarding the matter in Morocco as a private ring-fight between the Government and Abd-el-Krim, he probably thinks it a costly and vain adventure. With the Riff warriors enclosed in a circle, and Ajdir, the Riff capital (grotesque denomination !), in a state of semi-occupation, why, he asks, go on spending millions of francs a day next spring ? Such is the prevalent French opinion of the position.

A further complication is introduced by the presence of Spain. Nothing better illustrates the natural welter in which the Moroccan question lies than the consequences of the alliance—to use that convenient term—between France and Spain. During the earlier stages of the war it seemed absurd, and it was absurd, that France and Spain should work apart. French aeroplanes could not pursue the Riffians or bombard their concentrations if the act took them over the Spanish zone. Spanish and French operations went on disconnectedly, though the two countries a few miles from each other were fighting the same enemy. The veriest common sense cried out for a junction of forces and a mingling of plans.

Yet as soon as France and Spain did combine, new difficulties leapt on to the scene, trained in the dancing-schools of fate. France and Spain were now bound to share each other's misfortunes as well as their successes. This is an obvious result enough of any alliance, but in Morocco it is a new danger, and because of the scattered character of the war, it gives European prestige a number of fronts to defend. Unity of action has indeed only been achieved already at the cost of the alteration of plans. In the extreme east a longer and

concave front has replaced the short and straight one intended for the point of junction of the two armies.

On the political side, the essential difference between Spanish and French interests cannot but exert its influence. Of all concerned in the struggle, General Primo de Rivera has certainly shown the greatest boldness. Whether he fails or succeeds, he deserves the tribute due to any man who takes a big chance. Spain's old war in Morocco has for years now been more unpopular amidst Spaniards even than France's new one is amidst Frenchmen. Spain's world-position is not compromised in Morocco as France's is. And yet she has lost in her negative warfare there thousands of young lives and millions of money. She makes nothing to speak of out of the territory over which she exercises sway. She might leave Morocco to-morrow, retaining perhaps the towns of Ceuta and Melilla and Tetuan for old sake's sake, and she would be as well rid of the manless and cropless acres of her inland zone as a young heir who has shaken off the gout which has dignified his family for centuries. Of course, there are the potential mineral rights. It seems a pity they cannot stay potential. One piece of potency is understood to have been sold by Moors, with no very clear title themselves to the land, to speculators of four European nationalities in succession.

It is well known that General Primo de Rivera has always wished to quit all but a part of the coastal zone of Morocco. The Spanish people second his desires, for it is the sons of Spain, and not a colonial army, who, in the main, fight and die there. At the same time an inglorious exit would not be quite to the taste of that proud race of gentlemen. So when the opportunity of joining the French in their campaign presented itself, General Primo de Rivera seized it, hoping to become a partner in a settlement which would allow him to march victoriously out of the country.

To this end it was necessary for Spain to take a prominent part in the operations. He insisted, therefore, despite opposition in his own Directory and adverse technical counsel from naval and military advisers, on the landing at Alhucemas and the march on Ajdir. He followed his star, and so far it has purveyed light at least, if it has not scintillated. And that certain dependence

on or amalgamation with the French cause which he has achieved holds the advantage that even if victory is not won, as the associate of France he can make a peace, who knows, which he might have shrunk from as an isolated negotiator.

Strange land of Morocco, where Spain has fought in order that she might be able to depart, France in order that she may remain; where Spain, with nothing at stake, lavishly employs Spanish troops, and France, with her whole being at stake, has sparingly used French. As for Abd-el-Krim, he directs the combat at the end of the telephone, writes letters to friends and foes, negotiates and attacks, and marks the course of the franc in the international markets.

Let no one say, while the tinkle of those falling francs is heard in Europe and echoed in America, that France has been spending them wantonly in Morocco. She might, perhaps, have avoided the war with Abd-el-Krim, but once involved in it she had no option but to go on. It is not easy to say how all will end for her. A settlement may come by negotiation. Peace is certainly flying low in the air, even if there is little sound from her soft wings. Peace may suit France as well as not, though after a peace based on her having somewhat the better of a sort of draw her African army can never quite mean what it did. Or she may go on with the war in the spring and seek to regain that army's plenary status.

One doubts if Riff independence is in any real danger in the end. But for France to have retired from the struggle before she won some sign of supremacy would have meant for her an exit from the arena of the world through the turnstile which leads to the Second Division of the League of Nations.

The Post-War Features of France*

By Charles R. Hargrove

THERE are no two countries in the world to-day whose conditions contrast so sharply as England and France. In the former you have financial health and economic disease; in the latter economic health and financial disease. Which is fundamentally the sounder condition I leave it for the reader to decide, although in my mind there is no doubt on the question. But in any case I fancy there is more than a mere obedience to the dictates of the Department of Overseas Trade in the fact that Mr. J. R. Cahill, Commercial Counsellor to His Majesty's Embassy in Paris, devotes ten pages of his annual report on France to national finance, whereas he gives eighteen times as many to considerations on trade, industry, transport, and natural resources.

We are apt in these days, when political and financial crises form the stock-in-trade of Paris correspondents, to ignore the evidence—much less exciting but much more important—of the agricultural, industrial, and commercial development of our neighbour. We are inclined to attribute France's prosperity to the depreciation of the franc and dismiss it at that as a passing phenomenon. But I venture to say that any fair-minded man, after reading the two hundred-odd pages of this comprehensive and conscientious record, with its valuable annexes and appendices, which occupy another 100 pages, will be seriously impressed by its picture of the economic power and vitality of the nation. The Frenchman envies the magnificent recovery of England's credit and currency, the orderliness of her finances, even the (comparative) stability of her politics. But he is inclined, in face of his present financial worries, to forget the reverse side of the shield—the unemployment, the poverty, the industrial stagnation, the agricultural prostration. Conversely, I imagine, the Englishman seeks comfort from his troubles in contrasting the pound sterling with the franc (plus, very possibly, a cheap and delightful holiday in France on the strength of it), while refraining from the effort of

* "Economic and Industrial Conditions in France," by J. R. Cahill, Commercial Counsellor to H.M. Embassy in Paris. H.M. Stationery Office. 8s. net.

reading such matter-of-fact official documents as this one, though of such is the raw material of history and the framework of the drama of the lives of nations.

The visitor to France to-day will look in vain for men seeking work and unable to find it. He will scarce find a beggar, even in the towns. That is not to say that there is no suffering, for the depreciation of the franc has created peculiarly pitiable victims in that large but unorganized and unnoisy class termed *bourgeois*, and, in these times which profit the gambler and the profiteer, generally despised. There is, indeed, probably no other country in the world where the debasing of the currency could have hit more severely so many of the best kind of citizens, because thrift is the predominant national virtue in France and it is exactly upon the thrifty that the full weight of the financial *débâcle* has fallen. Thus it may well be true that the real peril arising from the collapse of French finance lies in the possibility of its undermining, if not destroying, this virtue. But in any case who can see how a nation so admirably endowed with natural resources, so wonderfully balanced between the pursuits of agriculture and industry, so intelligent, and, at bottom, despite the endless wrangling of the politicians, so united, could not get the better of the disease which has fastened on its finance? One is almost forced to the conclusion that it lacks nothing but leadership—which was just the thing lacking in the war for so long.

We are too close to the events of the war and the years immediately following it to judge them correctly, but as the years move on the outstanding features of post-war France become clearer. What are they? Are they not, first of all, the material revival as illustrated by the amazing work of reconstruction of the war area, achieved by her own resources in men, money, and material? Mr. Cahill reproduces an official statement showing that to date the mere cost in cash amounts to over 70 milliard francs, which, even reckoned in sterling at current rates, is the equivalent of double the entire debt of Great Britain before the war. That debt is in large part responsible for the financial troubles in which France finds herself to-day, but how could it have been avoided? Even if one allows for inevitable "graft" in this huge process of rebuilding,

the total would be reduced by but little. And for the entire sum, including the portion overpaid, one can say that virtually all of it has gone into reproductive expenditure. To quote Mr. Cahill:

> The reconstruction of such a large portion of one of the three great French manufacturing areas (the other two being the Paris and Lyons areas) has reinforced the industrial strength of France as regards all the textiles save silk, the metallurgical industry, several important branches of the engineering, chemical, and miscellaneous other industries, not to omit the coal and ore mining and coal products industries.

There are some critics who say that France with her reconstructed north and east and her recovery of Alsace and Lorraine is overexpanded industrially. It is certain that to keep her vastly improved and extended equipment busy she must fill a larger rôle in the world's trade than ever she did before. But there is no doubt of her realization of that fact—witness the references in this report to the organization of trade—and in Mr. Cahill's opinion she has already given proof of efficiency in that "large-scale standardized production of the ordinary goods of general consumption," which is the second outstanding feature of French post-war development. "She is approaching more closely than at any previous period to the level of the three principal industrial and exporting nations." The great test, perhaps, has yet to come, when the artificial stimulus given to French industrial production by currency depreciation and reconstruction has ceased. But with that it may reasonably be hoped will also come growth in the general world revival. It was always a common argument in France that financial reform would not cause nearly so much strain to the national economy if it came later rather than earlier in the muddled period that was bound to follow the war.

No, it is at least possible to contend that the real problem of France is not financial, nor industrial, nor even political—for how many political transformations has not France survived with ease?—but social, or, more accurately speaking, demographic. And there we touch the third outstanding feature of her post-war development. The stationary population is no new thing. But the lack of men is greater than ever, and in seeking to remedy it France has witnessed a new development. It is the introduction of foreigners *en masse*. On that head Mr.

Cahill has much interesting information to give. France is so busy, even now that the rebuilding is almost finished, and what remains to be done waits for funds, that she has become a land for immigrants. Within two and a half years it is calculated that 600,000 workers entered France and have taken up their abode there, and a recent return issued by the French Ministry of the Interior shows that, whereas there were 1,550,000 resident aliens in 1921, there are now 2,845,000—an increase of over 1,300,000 in four years. The Italians with over 800,000 have doubled; the Spaniards with 467,000 have increased by 165,000; the Belgians with 460,000 have added to their number by 50,000; while the Poles, who come fourth, have grown from 25,000 to 310,000. "Foreigners," says Mr. Cahill, "are becoming in fact indispensable co-operators in many large and varied branches of French production," and he enumerates some of the many occupations in which they are to be found, from the sugar beet and wheat fields of Picardy to the metallurgical works of Lorraine, the flower farms of the Mediterranean coast, and the wharves of Bordeaux.

At the same time the naturalization of these foreigners is exceedingly slow. In four years only some 17,000 citizens have been recruited from their ranks. The high cost and great complexity of the necessary formalities are partly, if not mainly, to blame. But if France needs these labourers and means to keep them, she must consider whether it would not be wise to convert them into citizens. There is something else she can do. If she cannot induce her native population to increase its birth-rate, she can do much to preserve the lives of the children who are born to French parents. The excess of total births over total deaths is higher than in 1913, though it has declined in recent years. But it was only 19 per 10,000 in 1924, against 66 for England and Wales! Why? In part at least because the mortality rate is unduly high, 190 to 200 per 10,000, and is excessive among children of less than twelve months. Save the babies, naturalize the alien—there we have two reforms which will remain to be achieved long after the franc is once again stabilized, and which will be of equal value, if not greater, for the future of the nation.

International Traffic in Arms

By "Miles"

"Aim at the stars and you may hit the tops of the trees." This motto must for the present be the consolation of those who dream of a world blessed with eternal peace and devoid of armament. Like all idealists such men fill a highly important, though often thankless, rôle in showing the road and lighting the final goal. The Great War, with all its havoc and misery, left behind it an almost universal repugnance for wars and matters warlike, and men, sickened by their recent experiences, clutched readily at anything which seemed to promise immunity in the future from the horrors of the past. In such an atmosphere the preachers of worldwide disarmament gathered many disciples, but, with the clearing of the air, men's perception has grown keener and detailed facts, blurred at first by the common revulsion of feeling, stand out in their proper proportions and compel recognition. And so to-day the world finds itself mindful of the past, and yet becoming increasingly conscious of practical difficulties in planning the future. The idealists point the way; it is for the practical men to smooth the ruggedness of the path and step by step advance civilization on its road to perfection.

It seems that we have reached the stage where, though measures of common prudence in national defence cannot be neglected on the score of international goodwill, all are convinced of the evil of aggression for aggression's sake. The bitter experiences of the world-war of 1914–1918 have taught men the wanton folly of plunging into the orgy of bloodshed and calamity which modern war entails, without first leaving no stone unturned to settle matters by arbitration. It seems safe to say that any nation attempting to bring about war purely from motives of personal aggrandizement would incur the wrath of the whole civilized world. Nevertheless, until a utopian era dawns, nations must be prepared to defend themselves against unprovoked aggression should such arise, and also be ready to take their part in bringing pressure to bear upon any delinquents threatening

international peace for the sake of purely selfish interests. The strong man must still bind the robbers or risk the spoliation of his goods as an alternative. That is, to say the least of it, regardless of the fact that human nature is still what it is, and that points of international dispute are bound to arise, and in the immediate future may defy settlement without recourse to arms.

Adequate preparations for self-defence, free from all spirit of aggression, should then be the aim of every civilized power. Bearing this in mind let us examine the problem of establishing a general and effective system of supervision and publicity of international trade in arms and implements of war; for such seems to be the next step on the road the idealists show.

Arms, ammunition, and implements of war looked at from the point of view of international trade in arms, can be divided under three heads. First, those supplies of material of purely military value necessary for the maintenance of the armed forces of the various powers. Secondly, supplies of purely military material destined for localities which at the moment are in a state of upheaval due to the clashing of certain local interests. And, thirdly, material of a quasi-military character which is susceptible of use either in a warlike or peaceful commercial capacity anywhere.

Supplies under the first of these heads are of vital import to the plans of defence of each nation, and the setting up of any machinery for their supervision and publicity is, therefore, a difficult and delicate matter. It is a well-known military maxim that he who seizes the initiative obtains great advantage for his side in war. A war well begun is a war half won. Overwhelming success in the opening stages of a campaign may so reduce the power of the enemy's resistance as to make his ultimate victory impossible. Such a thing almost happened in Belgium and France in 1914. It was only technical errors committed by the German high command coupled with the dogged determination of the allied soldiers that saved the Channel ports and the French capital from falling into German hands within the first month's fighting. In 1870 so superior were the German preparations to those of her opponent that France was beaten

to her knees within two months. It is obvious, therefore, that each power will be unwilling to divulge to others the measures she takes and the means upon which she most relies for self-defence; were she to do so she would stultify her own preparations, for potential enemies would have but to supply the necessary antidotes in order to defeat them. The force of this is readily seen; in fact, it contains the kernel of the matter, for it is by creating just such a state of affairs that the advocates of international control of arms trade hope to make war less likely. Where all know the plans of each the temptation to build up resources and strike at a favourable moment of ascendency will be less likely to exist, and nations will require considerable goading before embarking upon a struggle, the successful issue of which has nothing in particular to forecast it.

On the other hand, no one can deny the right of self-defence to any power, and the nature of war is such that secrecy of preparation is a *sine qua non* to the successful conduct of operations. We are then on the horns of a dilemma. If trade in arms proceeds unchecked by any international supervision it is more than likely that some nations may yield to the temptation to prepare a future Armageddon at a time and in circumstances favourable to themselves, whereas the safeguarding of the secrets of their plans of defence is forced upon every nation by considerations of self-preservation. Those are the two extreme points of view in the matter. It is obvious that to find a way out we must discover a *via media*.

The first requirement in searching for a solution is the creation of a feeling of mutual confidence between nations as to the genuine desire of each to ameliorate the present state of things, even though this entails sacrifices up to a certain point on their own part. The natural tendency is for each power to watch its neighbours and hesitate to make any concession without the previous assurance that others will do likewise, guaranteeing that its magnanimity will not be rewarded by its own exposure shorn of certain powers to the onslaughts of rivals. It is certain that the majority of powers would welcome the limitation of armaments within certain bounds,

provided that all act simultaneously and in perfect good faith. Clearly the creation of this much-desired feeling of mutual confidence cannot be expected as the result of diplomatic correspondence. The addressing of notes must be superseded by the personal contact of accredited representatives at an international conference at which frankness of speech and simplicity of procedure are the outstanding features. A conference which can evolve a system by which each nation may retain the safeguards demanded by instincts of self-preservation, and by which at the same time the machinations of evilly-disposed people will be held in check, must be regarded as having done mankind great service. The system must be proved before it is irrevocably accepted, for the proof of this particular pudding is not only in the eating, but in the effect which a course of it may have upon international digestion. In order that it may be proved it must be put on trial, and the first step which the powers must be ready to take in good faith is to accept the system, when it is evolved, for a probationary period at any rate.

The question which first strikes one when considering material under our second head is how far can the local upheavals be considered of sufficient import to demand recognition by international policy. At the time of writing conflicts creating a demand for war material from elsewhere are proceeding in Morocco, Arabia, Syria, and China. The outbreaks in the first three localities cannot be said to be of worldwide importance, but the civil war in China is having disastrous results for the international commercial interests at stake in that country. It would be platitudinous to dwell upon the importance and promise of the Chinese market, but it is palpably obvious that before further investments of foreign capital necessary for its future development can be expected, the country must stabilize politically. Meanwhile the many-cornered internecine struggle keeps the whole country in a state of chaos, not only preventing further development, but also jeopardizing the interests already established there. It is quite certain that this struggle could not continue unless supplies of war material were forthcoming for its prosecution from the great civilized countries of the world.

INTERNATIONAL TRAFFIC IN ARMS

As far back as May, 1919, the position was considered so serious that eight of the powers, including Great Britain, France, Italy, the United States of America, and Japan made it known to the Chinese Government, through the doyen of the diplomatic body in Pekin, that they had agreed "effectively to restrain their subjects and citizens from exporting to or importing into China arms and munitions of war and material designed exclusively for their manufacture" until a central government of universally recognized authority had been set up. These eight powers actually signed a declaration to the above effect, while four others, including Russia, notified their intention of adhering to the provisions of the agreement.

Although an attempt was made to include the China Arms Embargo within the scope of the Washington Disarmament Conference in 1921, and further resolutions as to its enforcement were passed by the diplomatic body in Pekin in October, 1922, and February, 1923, the general result of this agreement has been abortive, as might be expected from its half-hearted character. Where there has been an absence of a clearly defined and general determination among the nations to intervene and prevent by their own legislation supplies of war material reaching China, the profit attached to such traffic has proved too tempting a bait, and there are few nations which have not supplied their quota towards the melancholy total that has reached this unhappy country.

The rising of the Riffs, headed by Abd-el-Krim, in Morocco against their French and Spanish mentors and the conflicts in the Arabian Peninsula and Syria are more parochial in their influence. They, however, directly affect the policy of certain civilized nations who are entitled to expect the consultation of their interests in such matters by their neighbours of similar status, if only in consideration of world peace. Nevertheless, the nationals of other countries, unchecked by their governments, to say the least, have vied with each other in their endeavours to add fuel in the shape of war material of all kinds to one or other, if not both, of these outbreaks.

True it is that the individuals through whom arms

deals with backward states are generally transacted are for the most part either penniless adventurers or the biggest scoundrels unhanged, nevertheless such pests of society having no capital of their own can merely act as the agents of others who, as a rule, manage to conceal their identity in such connections and hold in the eyes of the world unimpeachable reputations. It can be imagined that business of this nature is often shady to the extent of downright fraud. All transactions are carried out on the basis of payment before delivery of the goods. In some cases money is obtained from confiding customers in respect of purely mythical supplies of arms said to be ready for immediate delivery; in other cases fabulous sums are charged for material which on delivery proves to be either totally worthless or else far below specification. The effect of such transactions upon the prestige of the Western among Oriental nations can only be deplorable. They are utterly incompatible with the conduct of those who profess to act up to the highest principles of international morality.

Beyond the financial gain of certain individuals this traffic has nothing to recommend it, and could surely be stopped by a genuine and combined effort on the part of the civilized powers. There is, however, one aspect of the matter which requires consideration. As certain men would prefer that aspersions were cast upon their morality rather than upon their social standing, so many small states would prefer to remain in a state of internal chaos rather than submit to any form of assistance which they consider would be damaging to their amour-propre. Any plans to suppress undesirable trade in arms must, therefore, be formulated in conjunction with the government of the country in which the trade is active, and couched in terms innocuous to the susceptibilities of that country's national vanity. This is clearly a task of great difficulty demanding infinite tact and patience. Where, as in the case of China, no stable government exists, it becomes impossible; and to our mind that country will not emerge from its present state until steps are taken by the combined Western powers rigidly to prevent, by their own legislation, the supply of war material reaching the forces of the Chinese war lords. The dragons' teeth thus

being drawn, they will have no alternative but to seek their respective lairs, leaving the field of China clear for those with loftier aspirations. In the case of countries such as Morocco, which is under French and Spanish tutelage, consultations with the government of the tutelary power or powers should be an inevitable preliminary by intending exporters to the shipment of any consignments of war material, while exports of arms to semi or uncivilized localities (as, for instance, the Arabian Peninsula), coterminous or adjacent to territories, belonging to or administered by civilized powers, must be dealt with in the light of common interest.

Any measures instituted for the supervision of trade in material of a quasi-military character are apt to bring conflict with the interests of lawful commerce and are, therefore, extremely problematical. Dealings in aeroplanes and their accessories, explosives for mining purposes, and weapons for personal defence or sporting use, examples taken at random, will serve to illustrate the difficulties which must beset any attempts in this direction. Experts in aeronautics find it utterly impossible to differentiate between material intended for warlike purposes and that needed for the normal requirements of civil aviation; consequently illicit traffic in the former class of material will proceed with little fear of interruption owing to the necessity of not interfering with trade in the latter class. Dynamite and the more refined types of gunpowder are equally valuable from a military and a mining point of view, whereas legitimate requirements in pistols and pistol ammunition for self-protective purposes, and in rifle and rifle ammunition, often of military calibres, for sporting use, give excellent cover for the accumulation of material with undesirable intent.

The Treaty of Versailles, by which Germany was forbidden to import or export war material, was signed in June, 1919, yet we had reached May, 1925, before war material for the purposes of this Treaty had been defined with any degree of finality by Marshal Foch's committee, and even they have not been able to avoid leaving certain points ambiguous. When it is considered that such difficulty has been experienced by the victorious allies in defining war material prohibited to Germany,

vanquished and exhausted after four years of war, some idea of the problem entailed in controlling trade of quasi-military character between nations on level terms in the piping times of peace may be gathered.

The best that can be done, it seems, is to institute some form of control in such trade as far as certain areas backward in civilization are concerned.

As has been seen attempts made to regulate arms traffic by international agreement have up to the present met with little success. In September, 1919, at St. Germain, an international conference sat under the auspices of the League of Nations, and drew up the Convention of St. Germain which was intended to provide a system of supervision and control. This measure, however, barely got beyond the signatory stage and, owing to non-ratification, never came into force. In reply to numerous letters written to governments subsequent to the St. Germain meeting, thirty-four countries expressed their views on the subject; eleven of these actually ratified the Convention, and four announced their intention of adhering to it. Of the remainder, all except the United States of America, agreed to ratify the Convention when all other arms-producing powers were ready to do so. The United States of America declined to ratify under any circumstances.

The failure of the St. Germain Conference brought about a deadlock. Nevertheless, the ill-effects of unrestricted arms traffic were so apparent that the matter was again discussed by the Assembly of the League of Nations at its meetings, held in 1920, 1921, and 1922, and by the Council of the League. References to "the grave and sordid scandals connected with the trade in arms" were made, and the question was constantly before the Permanent Advisory Commission of Military, Naval, and Air Questions, and the Temporary Mixed Commission on the Reduction of Armaments. Owing, however, to the attitude of the United States, which, being a great producing power, refused to have anything to do with the St. Germain Convention on the grounds that it would interfere with their South American trade, entail legislation which their Government was not in a position to pass, and smacked of the League of Nations to which

they did not belong, it was found difficult to proceed. Eventually the American Government was prevailed upon to send its representative to attend the meetings of the Temporary Mixed Commission, held in February, 1924, with a view to drawing up a convention generally acceptable.

The draft then drawn up by the Temporary Mixed Commission formed the basis of discussion at the Arms Traffic Conference which assembled at Geneva on May 4 last.

The situation then, when this Conference met, was that not only had nothing been done, but previous attempts to grapple with the matter had ended in failure. The atmosphere in which deliberations started could not, therefore, have been the best possible, to say the least of it. Nevertheless, the forty-four States, including the United States, who were there represented, succeeded after considerable controversy in producing a Convention which eighteen of them, including the United States, France, Italy, Japan, and the British Empire, signed. This Convention differed little from its predecessors in that it aimed at the two main principles which had actuated all post-war attempts to cope with the problem. These principles were :

1. The prevention of the importation of arms, except under the strictest control, to the countries inhabited by backward people.

2. By a system of licensing to secure full publicity for all international trade in arms.

It is noteworthy that control of arms imported to the countries of backward people is placed first. This is the crying evil which demands urgent attention; the broader issue of the general publicity of all arms traffic, though it must not be lost sight of, must be approached gradually, and its ultimate attainment in the fullest sense will depend upon the establishment of that feeling of mutual confidence between the powers which has already been referred to in this article.

The full report of the proceedings of the Geneva Conference held from May 4 to June 17, 1925, including the text of the Convention there drawn up, and of certain attendant agreements of lesser importance, has been

published by the League of Nations, and can be purchased by the public. It is not intended to enter into any detailed review of that Convention here, but merely to touch lightly upon its general purport.

Having divided "Arms, Ammunition, and Implements of War" into five categories for the greater facility in handling the problem, the Convention proceeds to provide for a modified system of publicity in the form of licensing for articles of purely military value, while it institutes a system of consulting the governments of importing countries, where the latter desire it, in the case of material capable of use both for military and other purposes. The high contracting parties undertake to publish within two months of the close of each quarter a statistical return of their trade in articles of the above categories during that quarter. Reservations in this respect were, however, made in the case of certain States coterminous with Russia, pending the accession of the latter State to the Convention.

Having thus provided its contribution to the cause of general international arms traffic publicity, the Convention proceeds to deal with the more vital question of controlling exports to certain backward States which for the purpose are included within "Special Zones," consisting of a "Land Zone" and a "Maritime Zone." High contracting parties undertake not to permit the exportation of articles of any kind classed by the Convention as "Arms, Ammunition, or Implements of War" into these special zones except either under licence or declaration approved by the tutelary power, if such exists, and is a high contracting party, or otherwise, only after being satisfied that the articles are required for lawful purposes.

The Convention, which will not be held to apply to consignments of material made by high contracting parties to their own armed forces wherever situated, or to affect any rights or obligations arising out of the various peace treaties signed in conclusion of the Great War, is to come into force four months after ratification by any fourteen powers. Subsequently its provisions will be held to apply to any other powers four months after their ratification has been notified.

Any high contracting party may, after the expiration of four years, denounce the Convention, which is subject to revision upon the request of one-third of the high contracting parties after three years have elapsed from the date of its coming into force.

In time of war the provisions with regard to publicity will be held inoperative in the case of belligerents.

Such, then, in general terms are the provisions of the Arms Traffic Convention drawn up at Geneva in May and June 1925, which the British Parliament will now be asked to ratify. Although, like many other international instruments, it is not proof against deliberate evasion, it is, at any rate, a first step forward in the direction of international supervision and publicity of armament. Moreover, its clauses which deal with the backward States may be expected to yield valuable practical results now. The pity is that China, in view of her position as a member of the League of Nations, cannot be included in the special zones. As it is, the future of that vast State must largely depend upon the steps taken by the arms-producing powers to save her from herself. This will necessitate separate measures, the formulation of which should be the more easy once the Arms Traffic Convention is in force.

Russia is still beyond the pale in this as in many other respects. It remains, however, to be seen how long she will be content to continue there, and let civilization leave her behind in a position of barbaric isolation.

There will surely be experts in every country who will see in the Convention provisions which, looked at from their own narrow point of view, were better omitted. These men must not be allowed to draw the red-herring of bureaucracy across the great trail of moral and humanitarian advancement. The Convention in its present form can cause little alarm to the most sceptical provided their intentions are honest. Meanwhile it registers a step forward in the interests of world civilization, and the nation which declines to be a party to its enforcement for the probationary period proposed will find it difficult to explain its action and, at the same time, uphold its claim to be regarded as an enlightened race.

Doctors and the Press

By Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., C.B.

President of the New Health Society

THE public are naturally much perturbed by the arguments and letters that appear in the Press in regard to the criticism of the General Medical Council by distinguished laymen as well as by recognized leaders of the medical profession. The General Medical Council is composed of a large number of members, none of whom is engaged in actual practice. This body is responsible in a certain indefinite manner for the medical profession, and it is generally recognized that it performs its functions in a fairly satisfactory manner.

One of its responsibilities, and one which exposes it most frequently to criticism, is to prevent medical men from advertising themselves in the papers or in any other manner in order to attract patients to themselves. It is obvious that if either of these faults is committed by members of that profession they render themselves liable to punishment. The punishment the Council can inflict is to remove the man from the register. That entails certain disabilities among which are that he is unable to recover fees in a Court of Law, and that he cannot sign death certificates. These powers are not essential to success, since it is not necessary to be on the register to carry on a large and prosperous practice, as is shown by the fact that many men who possess no medical qualification and who are styled "quacks," make very large incomes.

Besides the General Medical Council, the British Medical Association has constituted a body which has no legal power or right to interfere with the action of any member of the profession. It is called the Ethical Committee. This Committee, which is self-constituted, has taken upon itself the function of criticizing any member of the profession who may have done something of which that Committee does not approve. It makes a habit of communicating by letter with such a person, and it may request him to appear before them and sit in judgment on him. Having no legal standing, it is unable to inflict any penalty. All it can do is to call the attention of the General Medical Council to the action of the accused, when the latter may in its wisdom decide to take steps against him.

The usual complaint is that a medical man has written a book which appeals to the general public and would appear to be a definite advertisement to attract patients. The more common one is that the accused has written

an article in the public Press on any medical or, indeed, other subject, and has signed his name to it. This is sometimes aggravated by the publication of a photograph of the delinquent. It would not seem to matter whether or not the writer's intention was to warn the members of the public as to the best means of improving their health or of obviating disease.

The odd part about this is that the action of these bodies seems to be influenced greatly by the standing and importance of the writer. While those holding the most important and distinguished positions in the profession can write what they like in the papers, and have their photographs figuring in prominent positions in the letter-press, the comparatively obscure member of the profession who does the same thing incurs the wrath and indignation of this Committee and may suffer in consequence.

Having recently spent a month in the United States and Canada, where I have had every opportunity of studying the progress which surgery and medicine have made there, I am glad to be able to state the results of some of my experiences and the conclusions at which I have arrived.

I was greatly impressed by the very intimate association which has sprung up between the medical profession and the "lay public" in the last few years, to the very great advantage of the latter. The barriers which exist here between our profession and the public, because of the autocratic attitude taken up by sections of the medical community, have fortunately disappeared in those countries. The determined effort of some of the most enlightened members of the medical profession in America to educate the public in that knowledge, which they believe to be useful and advantageous to them, was followed by an outcry from the most important medical organization, the American Medical Association, which corresponds roughly to the British Medical Association.

These pioneers persevered in giving popular lectures and addresses in spite of all opposition. The success they obtained was so overwhelming that the authorities of the American Medical Association suddenly changed their attitude, and took a useful and active share in the work of education. The struggle between these bodies was very brief, and success was only attained finally by threats of resignation from some of the most important and distinguished members of the American profession.

The same struggle is taking place here, and if a similar degree of intelligence is exhibited on this side of the Atlantic our profession will join hands with our American colleagues in carrying forward the standard of progress and education. These are times when the medical profession in England cannot afford to stand still and to lag behind its more progressive brethren in Canada and in the United States.

The policy of the New Health Society is to educate the people in the knowledge of the laws of health, especially as regards diet and habits; to do its utmost to enable the poor and those with limited means to obtain such foods as are essential to perfect health at a reasonable cost; and, lastly, by encouraging the people to embark upon intensive gardening, the care of orchards, the grading and preservation of fruit and vegetables, etc., to put a large number of the unemployed back on the land, where they can become useful and self-respecting citizens.

Land and houses can now be obtained at a moderate cost, since their owners have been so heavily taxed that they are no longer able to occupy them. These houses can be readily converted and made attractive to those engaged in agriculture at a distance from the large towns, by the formation of dance halls, cinemas, wireless, gramophones, telephones, etc., since it is imperative that the lives of these workers shall be made as bright, as cheery, as healthy, and as happy as possible. This is a duty the wealthier members of the community owe to their poorer and less fortunate brethren, and in carrying out this purpose owing to greater production and cheaper forms of transit they will obtain their food at less cost and in better condition. Being freed from the necessity of providing money for hospitals, asylums, and gaols, and for the sick, because of a general improvement in the health of the people, they will benefit very materially by reduced taxation, and at the same time they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are adding directly to the health, happiness, and vigour of the community more than can be done in any other way.

Is there any nobler purpose than that which is guiding the New Health Society? The Society hopes and expects that it will receive the moral and material support of the great majority of the intelligent members in Great Britain in amount sufficient to enable it to carry out the good work that it has undertaken.

The Need for Men
A Reply

By Lt.-Col. W. Lockwood Marsh

In his article entitled "The Need for Men" in last month's English Review, Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges castigates all of us who have remained within the confines of civilized Britain for our degeneracy and subjection to female dominance. One cannot but sympathize with the bewilderment of the explorer—fresh from his vigil alone upon a lofty peak in Darien (which far country has been, I believe, the scene of his explorations) contemplating the infinite with the calm serenity of a Buddha and perhaps holding in his lap a mummified head, the battle-trophy of some Darien Indian brave—when he returns to the hustle and bustle of modern life. In another article in a Sunday paper he charges us with a lack of "the dispassionate judgment and analytical thought for which previously we had been noted." But is it not possible that the sudden return to the turmoil of modern civilization has disturbed the "dispassionate judgment" of the explorer and caused him to lose *his* powers of analysis? He writes, for instance, of the many women who are "passing all limits in the discarding of clothes," and those of us who do not altogether admire the knee-short skirts of the modern maiden at once incline to agreement. But elsewhere Mr. Mitchell-Hedges blesses this fashion by a surprising reference to "short skirts and other hygienic and sensible garments." Where, then, is this "discarding" of clothes of which he speaks? The day of the bare back is passed, and one cannot recall having seen any signs of a return to, for instance, the bared bosoms of the Stuart period, portrayed by Sir Peter Lely and other famous artists of the day. If the explorer excepts the exposure of nether limbs from his strictures, it is difficult to determine to what present-day fashion he is referring. But in any case, whatever this "discarding

of clothes" may be, it has, according to Mr. Mitchell-Hedges, bred "a sex consciousness and familiarity, which are causing a corresponding contempt for decency." Here, one inclines to think, he is confusing two things. It is true, probably, that there has never before been so great a "familiarity" between the sexes, in the sense that there has never before been a time when so much sympathy and understanding existed between them. One cannot recall in history any time when the youth of both sexes took their pleasures so much together—played together and worked together—as they do at present. There never was a time before when it was possible for a man and a girl to go out together for a whole evening, alone and unchaperoned, without any puritanical, or prurient, thought entering their own, or other people's, minds. In that sense there certainly is unparalleled "familiarity" between the sexes—in the ballroom as on the playing fields—but with this there is surely also an unparalleled lack of Mr. Mitchell-Hedges's "sex consciousness." The whole mental attitude of the simple Victorian Miss, who appears to be the explorer's ideal, revolved round sex consciousness. She could not be left alone in a drawing-room with a member of the opposite sex without swooning and fearing the worst. One of the most hopeful signs of modern life is the healthy tone of the attitude of the two sexes to each other.

After a passing jibe at the cigarette of the modern girl—though wherein lies the harm of this habit, one has never been able to see—the explorer turns to sorrowful contemplation of the low ebb to which our prestige in sport has fallen. This is a familiar cry, the answer to which perhaps did not reach him during his travels in the wild places of the earth. The fact is that, to some extent before the war and increasingly during its continuance, we have taught the world something of our love for games; with the result that in all branches of sport we now have to meet trained athletes of all nations and are not merely competing with our own friends and relations. There is, for instance, hardly a nation of consequence, in Europe or out of it, which does not now compete for the Davis Cup, the international lawn tennis trophy, and the same is true in a more or less degree of all branches of athletics.

In these circumstances we cannot hope to retain our predominance in sport, and must be content to have a place which at best will be but *primus inter pares* on the world's playing fields. But, further than that, it is a common-place of criticism that we do not take our games as "seriously" as some other nations. Nor, in the opinion of many of us, is it desirable that we should. England has always been the home of the true amateur of sport, the all-round athlete, and though it is perhaps unlikely that he will carry off world's championships, he will none the less be a better member of society for denying to one sport the semi-professional devotion of a lifetime.

But this championing of sport comes curiously from Mr. Mitchell-Hedges's pen in view of the continuation of his article, in which he appears to lay disproportionate emphasis on the importance of material success. The explorer mentions the names of several "Empire builders" who rose to fortune from lowly positions. While according full honour to these great names—and to Lord Leverhulme, who "built-up a colossal business, which year after year has produced a gigantic revenue"—one is impelled to ask whether commercial success is the be-all and end-all of life and the only touchstone of manhood. Many of us are becoming a little tired of belonging to a nation of shopkeepers—a feature of our mentality which was so painfully prominent at Wembley—and weary also of the constant references to the material prosperity of the United States of America, which Mr. Mitchell-Hedges once more holds up as a shining example before our nauseated eyes. Speaking for myself, I would say to Mr. Mitchell-Hedges, that if to achieve material prosperity involves the assumption of the mental attitude towards life of the average business American, then let us at any cost forego commercial success. So far from "the weakness of our men making itself plainly apparent in our Foreign Policy," it is, I believe, the dominance of the "business man" in our counsels during the last six years which has prevented our combining with France in a strong foreign policy, which might sooner have brought about the end of our troubles. It has been the desire not to injure a possible "customer" in Germany, which has done more than anything else to strain the Entente—an attitude which has been pressed

by the "captains of industry," beloved of the explorer. "The noticeable loss of respect for Great Britain and Britishers as compared with the proud position we held before the war," is due to this cause, and the belief on the Continent that we jeopardized friendships strengthened by fighting in a common cause, for the illusory possibility of a rapid return to prosperity by holding out the open palm of commerce to our late enemies.

Mr. Mitchell-Hedges sees fit to make an attack upon "lazy, indolent, effeminate sons living at home in idleness." By those of us who know—and there must be few who do not—of dozens of young men who are eating their hearts out, bitterly conscious of being open to his charge of being "parasites," in enforced idleness owing to the impossibility of obtaining employment of any sort or kind, this attack is resented as a cruel and baseless calumny. Perhaps Mr. Mitchell-Hedges is unaware that many of these boys, for they are little more, find themselves absolutely debarred from many avenues of employment simply because they cannot claim to be "ex-service men"—for the sole reason that when the war ended they were still at school and too young to serve. There never was a time when there was less pose, "that work is a degradation or a bore." Many and many a man of good school and university education is openly and proudly doing work for which he would have been almost debarred from the society of his friends before the war. The disappearance of false pride and affectation about different grades of employment is one of the most striking of all the changes from pre-war attitudes of mind. One knows of educated men occupying positions—from hotel-keeper to waiter, from engineering foreman to taxi-driver—which they would have been ashamed to think of filling ten years ago.

Writing with feeling, Mr. Mitchell-Hedges says, "The 'I detest publicity . . . I would rather remain in the background' attitude brands a man as a weakling." This will be a sad blow for the devotees of "the strong, silent man" school of novel, and seems curiously inappropriate from one who has been seeking his soul in the silent places of the earth. One had always suspected that one of the charms of the wilds was the escape it afforded from

the chatter and babble of modern hucksters and self-advertisers, but apparently Mr. Mitchell-Hedges likes this importation among the other things which he admires in America. He deplores the "dominance" of women in modern life and their incursion into the realm of politics, but in the same breath laments their perusal of chit-chat on the Paris fashions in their daily papers—from which it would appear that he falls into the common failing of trying to have it both ways. The truth is, the modern woman takes as much interest as her man in the important questions of the day, but, alas, it is no longer true that a nation gets the papers it deserves. In these "degenerate" days—and here I find myself adopting Mr. Mitchell-Hedges's favourite adjective—we have to put up with those given us by the self-made financial magnates he admires so much.

It is a little difficult to bear with patience these strictures from one who is in the fortunate position—denied to most of us—of being able to leave all ties and get away for change and reflection to the solitary places of the earth. It is so easy to come back and criticize our attempts to solve the manifold problems and complexities of modern civilization—much more easy than to live among them and try to cope with them. The explorer, in common with many others who have been brought into contact with the primitive, falls into the error of mistaking vehemence for virility, activity for action, and fulmination for force.

A Casualty in Clubland

By "The Old Stager"

THE past year has shown us astonishing changes in the appearance of the London familiar to our youth. Regent Street is a memory, a new town has grown up on the site of Devonshire House as quickly as if in Pantomime Land a magician's wand had waved before its walls. It was formerly the habit of London institutions to take "an unconscionably long time a-dying," but all that is changed in our generation.

If there is one thing that, in a world often dull and unprofitable, remains of perennial interest to men and women who have reached and passed middle age, it is change in the social customs and institutions of their youth. Some we perforce realize immediately; the extinction of Devonshire House, and the total transformation of its well-remembered site, hit us like the sudden death of a familiar friend. Others pass almost unnoticed and must await their funeral oration until the social historian begins to interest himself in their age and time. I ask leave to anticipate the social historian, and to announce the approaching demise of a familiar figure in clubland, the retailer of political and social gossip.

That the collection of political and social gossip was once a profession, at any rate a serious occupation; that it was gravely and indefatigably pursued by highly-educated men of the upper classes; that it was the life-blood of polite society, and the oil on the wheels of family life, a consideration of the published memoirs of the last fifty years will instantly prove. Those who prefer to rely on their own experience need only recall the dinner conversation of their fathers' and grandfathers' houses. The almost invariable opening of the lady of the house, timed to follow the first mouthful of soup, would be: "Well, my dear, did you hear anything to-day at the club?"

The club had become the centre of news, the source of all political information, by very clearly-defined and

logical stages. It has no legendary past. Its origins are not wrapped in the mists of antiquity. Before the eighteenth century it had no existence. Very swiftly, about the time of Doctor Johnson, the club idea grew out of the meetings at coffee-houses of men of different professions. Its growth from 1800 was very rapid Up to the time of Trafalgar, for example, naval men still congregated at Fladong's, the Tories met at the Cocoa Tree, the Whigs at the St. James's Coffee House, the Macaronis favoured this or that fashionable restaurant, and their conversion from restaurants to clubs was very gradual, and grew out of the fact that a stranger literally dared not face the cold-shouldering of the regular habitués.

After Waterloo the club idea had taken firm root, and the great days of the clubs as political centres of the first importance were the 'thirties and 'forties. Brooks's, for example, from being a centre of reckless gambling, acquired the distinction of actually passing the great Reform Bill, and thereafter, for a space, the famous club carried on the government of the country, and did it on the whole very well. Small wonder, then, that the great clubs should have gained and maintained for fifty years the reputation of being the centres of political thought, and the caskets in which lay hid the political secrets of the day and the vital interests of the hour.

Small wonder that, with such treasure to be had for the winning, a race of professional "cracksmen" should have grown up, whose business in life it was to wrest these treasures from their shrine and obtain kudos by giving them to the hungry world. Such a race of men grew up—you may read the record of their work in any polite library—and the torch they lit and handed on is now smouldering and spluttering to extinction in dying hands. From Creevey to Sir Algernon West, the succession was assured by illustrious and efficient hands. Social favourites, politicians, civil servants, from these were drawn the benefactors of society who brought light to them that sat in drawing-rooms, and in the shadow of muslin curtains, and guided their feet into the ways of politicians. To-day, if you read with care and thought

the memoirs of the last survivors of this band of "cracksmen," you will realize that the torch is really spluttering, and that the caskets are, in fact, empty!

In the first place politics have gone out of fashion. In 1830 politics were at once the recreation and the preserve of the aristocracy, that is, of the then "fashionable" class. From the time of the first Reform Bill the democratization of society really began, yet for fifty years longer a more or less comfortable fiction existed that politics were a gentleman's game, that a lord was a lord, and quite different from a dustman; and while that fiction held politics remained a polite interest among the fashionable. And then, when it became obvious that for some years politics had become a preserve open to all and every class, the world of fashion spread its wings and rose in a covey, exactly as a little later they rose and abandoned the little green seats under Achilles' statue at the approach of the army of suburban beaters.

This in itself is a very good reason why the acuter minded among the leisured class of clubmen should seek another occupation. But they have other grounds also for deserting their posts. The supply of gossip, for other reasons than because there ceased to be a fashionable demand for it, began to dry up, dating from 1914. And of this there have been three main causes.

Firstly, the absence of knowledge among those in the political "know." Nothing was more remarkable in the early years of the war than the genuine ignorance of ministers, Cabinet or otherwise, of what was designed, proposed, and in operation, not only in Cabinet Councils, but in their own particular sphere of action. This ignorance was no laudable assumption of ignorance for the purposes of secrecy; it was a real, bitterly resented ignorance of policy and of actions, and was due to the fact that government by dictatorship had come about as a war necessity, or, at least, as a war misfortune. As a result the private secretaries to the dictator knew a great deal more of policy, and achieved a great deal more in results, than did the Cabinet Ministers who served the dictator.

And secondly, there is the fear of being reported, which at long last has penetrated to the consciousness of

those in high places. Few things are more remarkable nowadays than the absolute recklessness with which confidences, public or private, things officially communicated under a moral seal of secrecy, are betrayed in writing, and without the lapse of even a "decent decade." It is customary and necessary, indeed, since the plums of life lie in the achievements of the pen, to betray your secret red-hot, while there is yet a "story" in it, and not a few men, who, in their younger days of power, were wont to scatter a few grains of knowledge, have learnt by bitter experience the necessity for keeping mum. It is, however, easier to keep silent than it was. Mrs. Thrale, as the price of her dinner, demanded of Dr. Johnson something pungent in the literary flavour, for literature was then the fashion. Creevey must pay Lady Grey in political counters, Macaulay rendered tribute (in exchange for his breakfast) to the Pope of Holland House in the coin of the day—political gossip and literary gems. But whatever the modern equivalents of Lady Holland—let us call them Lady A. and Lady C.—may demand of their lions in payment for their dinner, it is not political secrets. They may be expected to dance—and will certainly disappoint their hostesses in this no more than did Dr. Johnson and Macaulay and Creevey in *their* currency—or they may pay through the medium of the bridge table at ten shillings a hundred.

The third reason for the drying up of the source of political gossip is in five words—the high cost of living. If a man who possesses a political secret is not deterred from giving it away through fear of betrayal, with chapter, verse, and name, in deathless print, he *is* very much deterred (having regard to the difficulty of making two ends meet) from giving away to another what may well be worth money to himself, if judiciously placed and dished up in the right quarter. And three-quarters of those gems of gossip, truths, half-truths, shrewd guesses, and wise prophecies, which, under the name of inspired or inside information, used thrillingly to circulate round the dinner tables of Mayfair at the close of the last century, to-day first see the light in the type-setting room. There is, indeed, more sober truth and less frivolous cynicism in this theory than perhaps at first meets the eye.

Very well, then. Politics have ceased to be a fashionable recreation, and the sources of political gossip have run dry. What remains, then, to the race of club gossips? There is scandal, but I truly believe that the appetite for scandal concerning our friends and acquaintances is waning, too. The enfranchisement of women has done a great deal to kill the cruelty which by her tongue one woman could inflict on another. Women have certainly acquired a more manly sense of fair play about such things. The fine publicity which Youth and the decent Press to-day give to all sex problems, social evils, and those subjects which Victorians dressed in dust sheets or laid in cupboards, has made scandal cheap and small and nasty, and not worth powder and shot. I genuinely believe that more scandal of the old kind is talked within a ten-mile radius of Market Harborough (where they resist change) during the winter months than in the whole of London in a year.

If, then, his ladies do not demand even scandal of him, what is left to the old maid in trousers in clubland? The answer is that which remained to Goldsmith's deserted maiden—to die! And die he will!

And round his deathbed let us pause to assess the good and the harm which he and his fellows have done. It is difficult to pick out the good. With all respect to the publishers of memoirs, it is not the retailing of the gossip of the age which gives material of vital importance to the future historian. There is little enough in Creevey to arrest the historian or the social historian. Only where he may be said to have been writing with an eye on posterity (e.g. the events in Brussels on June 17, 18, and 19, 1815) need the searcher after truth pause. There is nothing more elusive, more nebulous, less preservable, less valuable, than a hasty opinion, on a topic of an hour, hastily communicated, and, too often, inaccurately transcribed:

> Met Poffley, who was coming out of 10 Downing St. He told me the P.M. was riding for a fall, and that we could look for a Cabinet Split within a month.
>
> I told the Duke, whom I found at the Club, that I had unimpeachable authority for saying that the Government could not last 3 weeks.

These statements, as one reads them in cold blood

(they are in every book of memoirs), as one reads them with the brutal logic bred of knowledge of subsequent events, as one reads them to-day when politics are no longer a pleasant recreation, but a bitter grind and a bitter necessity, really condemn the club gossip out of his own mouth. Not only, we recall, did the Government not fall in three weeks, but without doubt Poffley never expected it to do so. He spoke as an irritable governess might say "That child will end on the gallows," in no sense implying that she was instructress of an embryo murderer.

In time of peace your old maid in trousers is a harmless drawing-room entertainer, tolerated while politics are in fashion. In time of war he signs his own death warrant. The harm he did in London between 1914 and 1918 no pen can describe. Useless for effective work, he spread rumours of disaster, enlarged the casualty lists of German air-raids, dropped wherever he could find a listener a little seed of panic or despair, and, thank God, cut his own throat at the end of it. I think the last volumes of his memoirs that we shall read are now almost in their final MS. form. For the race of club gossips is dying of neglect, and with him goes that Pall Mall menace, the club bore.

And at the end of it all, clubland stands as firm as ever and mourns the invalid very little. It is no longer the centre of political thought, still less of political activity. But it is an agreeable backwater for rest and refreshment, and there is a deal more sincerity and a deal more humanity found there, a deal more sense, and a deal more kindness given and taken there, than in old days; and it is a pleasanter place for the young, a more corrective place for the old, than it was in late Victorian times.

If Any Take Away Thy Coat—

By R. B. Ince

For three months that winter Europe was lapped in ice. Sheep, with four inches of fleece to protect them, froze to death in sheltered pastures, or were buried in snowdrifts among the hills. Giant trees that had stood for centuries, split and crashed, riven by the frost and felled by the wind. The sun, fog-bound and hesitant, brought no warmth by day, and by night the gelid moon gazed with majestic indifference upon a world that trembled beneath the spectral touch of the north wind as under the groping fingers of death.

In Cologne terrible were the sufferings of the poor. Food was dear and difficult to get. Dogs and cats were rarely met in the streets. They were not killed by the cold, they were eaten by their masters. For in days when the roads were few and bad, a winter of unbroken frost and snow could bring a city nearer starvation than a prolonged siege.

Five times during that winter did Ensfrid, Dean of St. Andrew's, give away his warm fur-coat in obedience to apostolical injunction. And five times did Frederick, his cellarer and the keeper of his wardrobe, buy him a new one. These purchases were not made without repeated grumbling and urgent argument.

"At this rate you will have soon to go naked. How do you expect me to square expenditure with income when every fortnight I have to give the tailor an order for a new coat? Has your stipend been raised, my uncle, that you can indulge in this orgy of apostolical largesse?"

Dean Ensfrid turned a log that was smouldering on the fire with the heel of his boot so that it sputtered, sparked, and shot up fingers of hungry flame.

"Nay, good Frederick. But I like not the fashion of the coats you buy me. They are so heavy that I must needs move as slowly as a mouse under a mountain. And even then they tire me inexpressibly. You think I am moved by charity to give away my clothes? Sometimes I am, but not always. That last coat you purchased

for me could not have weighed heavier if it had been lined with lead. Simon of Cyrene, the strong man who bore the Cross of our Blessed Lord, would himself have staggered under its weight. Why, when I called to see Peter Schenken, on my departure he held it up for me to get into. There I stood groping about, hands behind me, for the sleeves, but I could not find them. Turning suddenly I discovered poor old Peter coiled up under the coat. He had fainted with all those pounds of fur on top of him. I was terrified, thinking he was dead. That fate, I mused, might have been mine in a few days. Can you blame me, my dear Frederick, for running away without it?"

"Another of your tales," grumbled Frederick. "I happen to know that Peter is still wearing your coat. He looked none the worse for it when I saw him last week."

"That is good. That is indeed good," replied Ensfrid. "A frail man, a very frail man, Peter, and were he to fall dead under the weight of my coat I should feel sorry indeed."

On the disappearance of the fifth coat Frederick was faced with a problem. Dean Ensfrid was no longer a young man. Toil, study, and an ascetic life had thinned his flesh as the sculptor's chisel pares marble. Every day his nose became sharper, his cheek-bones more prominent, and his eyes brighter. Though Frederick had a deep respect for his uncle's saintliness of life, he did not believe in any man entering the Kingdom of Heaven before his time. Besides, to walk about the public ways without an overcoat, or with a piece of old sacking flung over the shoulders, was surely to show too light a regard for the dignity of deanhood.

A further consideration weighed almost as heavily with Frederick; this was the question of expenditure. Judas did not watch the money-bags more narrowly than he. The Dean would have been content to go coatless throughout the winter but Frederick ordained otherwise. No sooner had one coat disappeared than he gave an order for another. The tailor looked happier every time he presented his bill, for the price of fur was rising.

At length, in despair, Frederick went to consult Gottfried, the notary.

Gottfried sat writing at his desk.

He consisted of two balls, one poised on top of the other—a little ball, which was his head, and beneath, a big ball, which was his stomach. If he had other parts one did not notice them.

In golden judicial silence he listened to Frederick's recitation of his woes. Then he folded his hands complacently on his lower roundness and turned to Frederick.

"I am very glad you have come to me, Master Frederick, very glad. This is a serious matter. It concerns the dignity of the Church, and indeed of the City, no less than your uncle's health. Have you noticed anything strange in the Dean's manner of late? Is his memory good? Does he grow confused at times? Do his words come easily and naturally?"

"My uncle is in full possession of his faculties," replied Frederick testily. "Did not I tell you that he is a man of literal mind, and that the apostolical injunction——"

"Quite so. Quite so," interrupted the notary. "But it is strange, very strange. Never have I had a client in this position before. The beggar has not stolen the coat? You are quite sure? No? And the Dean has no other motive than charity in giving it away? Humph! Most unusual. I wish I could meet him when the apostolical impulse comes on. We lawyers are not doing so well as we used. I bought this coat three years ago, and it begins to let the wind through."

As though to emphasize his words an icy gust whistled up the rickety staircase and moved like a ghostly hand among his papers.

"Well now," he continued, "we must put a stop to this. It must not go on. The Dean doesn't eat nearly enough. He's thin as a spectre. I don't approve of any of my clients going to heaven. Far better stay here and pay their bills. We must prevent him, Master Frederick, and to do that we must keep him warm."

"Yes, but how?"

"Does he, at the present moment, possess a coat?"

"That," replied Frederick, "is a question I dare not answer. All I know for certain is that he went out in a new one this morning."

"Then he must be prevented from giving it away. I will speak to the Archbishop. I have his ear. A

splendid man—the Archbishop. His table is the best in Cologne. I keep all my best stories for him. He is fond of a broad jest. My lord Adolf is no ascetic, and why should he be? Without riches how can the Church bear witness to the glory of God? We do not live in apostolical times. There is a respect due to the Church as well as to the City. An old sack did you say? He goes abroad in a dirty old sack? That should surely be an offence against ecclesiastical discipline and punishable, I think, under Canon law. I will search for precedents. I will read the chroniclers. Let me see, I must consult Jacques de Vitry. Bartlemy Iscanus may throw light on this matter, or, more probably, Britton. Or the Speculum Historiale of Vincent of Beauvais. . ."

* * * * *

When Dean Ensfrid received an invitation to dine with Archbishop Adolf he sighed wearily.

"Why does not my lord Adolf invite the poor and the hungry to dine with him?" he complained. "They would go with light hearts and lighter stomachs, but I take no pleasure in dining for three hours on dainty dishes. There will be soup, fish, game, poultry, roast meat, sweets, cheese and fruit. For even if the last partridge were shot and the last hare snared, my lord Archbishop's table must be stocked."

"It must," agreed Frederick. "How else is my lord Archbishop to entertain?"

"But why does he entertain me?" asked Dean Ensfrid.

"That," replied Frederick, "you will be able to tell me after the event."

Dean Ensfrid was never happy at the Archbishop's palace. The rooms, lofty and splendid, filled him with vague fears lest the many mansions of heaven should be upholstered in the same golden style. The furniture was too costly for a man of humble mind to use with comfort. The servants were as richly dressed and as superb in their bearing as noblemen. Even the dogs had the air of having breathed so long that subdued atmosphere of princely piety and complacent good-breeding that nothing but the possession of four legs and a tail, and an occasional inclination to growl, prevented them from yielding to the prevailing influence of sanctity and taking Holy Orders.

Archbishop Adolf was a man of good intentions, indolent habits, and a just appreciation of the rewards of office. He cared nought for books. His position required him to be interested in the welfare of the poor. To this end he fed them twice a year in an old barn adjoining the palace. He would gladly have entertained them in his own refectory, but the smell of many poor folk gathered together made him ill, so his doctor forbade it.

Dean Ensfrid was given a place at the Archbishop's right hand. Not being a man of ideas, his chaplain took the precaution of providing his lordship with topics for conversation. These were written on a slip of paper which he concealed in his robes. On this occasion he had been given (1) the folly of giving doles to the poor; (2) the regrettable increase of infidelity; (3) the best arguments to convert the heathen; (4) the need of a stricter discipline among the laity, and (5) the dangers of a too severe asceticism.

Finding himself much occupied with the problem of how to avoid eating food that he did not want, Dean Ensfrid gave little assistance in rolling hither and thither the ball of pleasant converse. Consequently his lordship had reached topic number five with the fish instead of with dessert. This annoyed him, inducing an archiepiscopal asperity in voice and manner.

"We live in evil times, Dean Ensfrid. The laity give way more and more to laxity of faith and depravity of morals. But we must not shut our eyes to the fact that there are sins also among the clergy. Things good in themselves are apt to be carried too far, and an excess of zeal may itself become a sin. I must warn you, my good Ensfrid, that things are not entirely as I could wish in your own parish. A point of casuistry now. Tell me, do you consider it a praiseworthy deed to give away your coat to a beggar and wear an old sack in its stead?"

"Do we not read, my lord, in the Gospel of the Blessed Matthew, 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.'"

"Quite so, my good Ensfrid, but St. Matthew was writing for his own times. Holy Scripture must always be read with discretion and in accordance with the interpretation of those set in authority over us. This

affair of your coat is being repeated as a good story among the gossips of Cologne. I should not be surprised if it is handed down to posterity in some collection of merry tales. It is becoming a scandal. We must beware lest we bring religious things into ridicule."

"But, my lord, I am only obeying my dear Lord's command."

"If you give away your coat again you will be disobeying your lord Bishop's command. Your behaviour in this matter is outrageous and contrary to discipline. You have been seen in the streets with a dirty sack over your shoulders in lieu of the coat you had flung to some importunate beggar. I do not approve of it. I will not allow it. And I have high authority for the line I am taking. It is written in John de Vitry, in Vincent Iscanus, and in the Speculum of Bartlemy de Beauvais—well, for the moment I cannot recall the precise words, but all the best authorities in Canon law are agreed that such conduct is a breach of ecclesiastical discipline."

"Do you, then, forbid me to give my coat to a poor man on a cold morning?"

"I forbid it absolutely. If you do so again I shall be compelled to take legal action."

The Archbishop then turned to the guest on his left hand and engaged him in a learned discussion as to whether a Christian who had a prejudice against bacon thereby became a Jew or whether the rite of circumcision could alone be regarded as proof of conversion to the faith of Jewry.

* * * * *

Next day being the feast of St. Gereon, Dean Ensfrid celebrated High Mass at St. Gereon's church. The wind blew colder than ever; a few flakes of powdery snow swept along the streets with the hiss and sting of a flail; the sky was black with the threat of worse weather to come. Nobody who could stay indoors put so much as the tips of their fingers out.

At the church porch Dean Ensfrid gathered his warm cloak about his shoulders. Round the angle of the wall the wind snapped and bit like a vicious dog. But for all his fur the Dean was not warm. It seemed to him that his dry old bones rattled one against the other like dice in a box. And his heart was very sad, thinking of all those

poor folk who suffered equally from the cold, and yet had little clothing and scanty fuel.

At the corner of St. Mary's church he came upon an old man singing. His song, shrill and squeaky as the squealing of a sucking-pig that is taken away to be killed, was swept afar by the wind to be lost like a bubble broken on the breast of a swirling torrent. A few white locks hung like icicles from under his tattered cap; his nose was peppered with blue pimples, and from the red saucers beneath his eyes drops of moisture distilled slowly into the hollows of his cheeks, where they collected as in a cup and overflowed to freeze in his beard. His thread-bare clothes fluttered in the wind like the last stubborn leaves before winter strips the chestnuts naked.

It was not until Dean Ensfrid had come quite near that he could distinguish any words in the shrill piping that came from the blue and shrivelled lips:

"All good people who pass by
Bless God who reigns on high.
Bless Mary, the Mother mild,
Who dandled God, her prattling Child.
Bless the Manger, bless the Stable—
And clothe the poor as ye are able."

Dean Ensfrid continued on his way with slow, sad steps. He was pulled in two directions. Buridan's ass was not tormented with greater indecision. His feet longed to go back that he might give the old beggar his coat. But the Archbishop's prohibition goaded him forward.

"Alas," he mused, "what am I to do? That poor old fellow is in far worse plight than I. He is my neighbour. If I refuse to give, I sin. But if I give, I sin also. Lord, what wouldest Thou have thy servant to do?"

Then, because Ensfrid was a good man and simple, and a seeker after the Kingdom, his prayer was immediately answered. Into his mind a thought came which told him what he should do.

Returning and beckoning the old man to follow him, he withdrew into a narrow alley between the church of St. Mary and the wall of the fish market. Here he tarried a moment, loosened his breeches and let them fall to the ground. The beggar then approached, picked them up and went on his way. And to the Dean's ears the

refrain of his song as it grew fainter and fainter on the wings of the wind, seemed a whit less cracked and shrill :

"Bless the Manger, bless the Stable,
And clothe the poor as ye are able."

Frederick was warming his toes by the blazing pine logs when Ensfrid returned. In the frosty air the pink flames went groping from cavern to cavern amongst the glowing embers like hungry hands searching for treasure.

The Dean sat down on the oak settle opposite his nephew, and extended his long thin fingers to the warmth. The firelight glowed through his hands outlining the bones in the pink flesh. Without the wind howled; within the fire sang quietly to itself a lullaby of repose and content.

Dean Ensfrid withdrew his hands from the firelight and spread one on each of his knees. It was his habit frequently to sit thus in contemplation. But to-day he did not, as was his wont, hitch up his cloak the better to toast his legs.

"Pull up your cloak, my dear Uncle, and warm your knees," urged Frederick.

"There is no need," replied Ensfrid. "These embers would serve almost to roast an ox."

A few moments later Frederick again urged him to pull up his cloak. He was met with the same refusal.

Presently Frederick rose and left the room. In a little while he returned. Opening the door wide enough to insert his head and shoulders, he announced :

"Our good friend Hans, the tailor, has called for your breeches, Uncle Ensfrid. They needed some repairs, you remember. He is waiting. If you will pull them off I will take them to him and bring you another pair."

Dean Ensfrid made no reply. In silence and with serene composure, except that a smile twinkled in his blue eyes and underlined the wrinkles in his thin face, he pulled up his cloak and revealed his bare legs.

"In the gospel according to Ensfrid," he said, "it is written, 'If a beggar ask of thee thy cloak and thou mayst not give it him, offer him thy breeches.'"

Then he laughed as merrily as a child. But Frederick with a growl withdrew.

From a Himalayan Journal

By Geoffrey Dearmer

SANDAKPHU, *Oct. 26th*, 1922.

MOUNT EVEREST, crouching somewhat modestly behind Makalu, a smaller but from here more imposing peak of about 28,000 feet, rises gradually from its northern base in Tibet and spreads its southern flanks and sister peaks in the northern limits of Nepal. Everest is flanked on the west by an enormous whale-back of snow and a huddle of peaks, and on the east by Makalu, a blunt, tooth-shaped mountain whose long northern saddle appears to fall and rise along the entire western flank of Everest.

The marvellous Everest range, some hundreds of miles of snow, though a mere link in the Himalayan chain, stands in the detachment of supremacy. The snow-line, now at about fourteen thousand feet, seems but a terrestrial boundary, above which the bulk of the range floats in celestial impersonality, flecked by woolly puffs of cloud, the ridges contrasted by shadow and varying from claret to purple through shifting shades of blue. From the plains over 29,000 feet below the peak of Everest, the vegetation of every zone from tropic to arctic struggles to the snow-line. The rice, jute, red millet, mustard, maize and buckwheat of the plains and lower reaches, which chequer the billowy hollows with a blaze of coloured civilisation, change at about 7,000 feet to the olive tea-gardens of the hills.

Through forests of maple and ilex, chestnut and beech, and the exotic sal and toon, the vegetation struggles upwards to the zone of the rhododendron below the black firs, whose solitary outposts run right up to the bare regions below the first snow. As with trees so with flowers. The plains, still partially flooded by a devastating rainfall of forty inches in five days, and ravaged by the spread of a purple hyacinth more thorough than a plague of locusts,

rise to the lower reaches of a jungle round Siliguri, where tiger and deer are plentiful, and where an occasional "prescribed" elephant—or elephant, tameless and without the law—may be hunted and shot. As the ground rises and the quality of banana-palm and sugar-cane deteriorates, bird and beast life lessen till the brilliant turquoise of the blue jay, the scarlets, the greens and the blues of a hundred marvellous experiments in colour have given place to an occasional emerald shimmer of parrots, or the hovering shadow of an eagle. At seven thousand feet bird life is rarer, although the brain-fever bird, sun-birds and kites are common, and the barbet and minivet—the cock of this last-named bird a bright scarlet, the hen a canary yellow—thread the bamboos with coloured silk when in flight, and jewel them when at rest. A flight of green parrots, invisible, for all their emerald dazzle, against festoons of emerald, may build their nests at six thousand, but above these there is little but the hawk and the lammergeyer to bridge the mountains, as they take or refuse the wind in their indolent majesty.

Height brings rarity in texture. The temple flower and the lotus are superseded by the orchids gaping in their scarlet, mauve and saffron from the trunks and branches of trees, or from wherever the wind has blown their dust-like seeds. The orchid is a parasite but in appearance. It lives generally in a riot of moss on the trunks and branches of trees, but it does not live on the tree. Nor does the moss that mothers it, and that covers for interminable miles the trees of this region; sometimes in spongy luxuriousness on the trunks and boles, and sometimes streaming in pale-green pallor from the branches, like hair torn from the heads of Rackham witches.

Above the orchid grow the rhododendron and the fir, balsams, saxifrages, gentians, and in the spring primulas in all their variety. Rhododendrons, varying from two inches in height to forty feet—some with fleshy petals and downy calyces and leaves as large as soup plates—are the glory of the Himalayas in the spring. Now their black-green leaves rattle in the wind, and nothing blooms but the deadly purple aconite or monkshood (the "wolfsbane tight-rooted" of Keats), an occasional blue poppy, and acres of a crisp immortelle not unlike edelweiss. The

country was ravaged in this corner of the Himalayas by a forest fire in 1897 which might have happened yesterday, so unchanged is the landscape. It would profit no one to move timber from a scarcely explored and unsurveyed series of forests, and the gnarled and blackened trees fall as they die. The forests resemble a series of parks fought over by European armies. To the explorer they are the austere prelude to adventure, dormant as the snows themselves in a calm.

Everest does not advertise like a flower, or shun advertisement like a leaf insect. The two ranges, Everest and Kinchinjunga, are out of reach and above full human appreciation. They rise with the lovely impersonality and permanence of which we catch an echo in great art. But they lack the passionate failure of great art, because they are not reactions, but the cause of reactions. They are acts or deeds which to qualify would be to insult.

Everest has not the cumulative anger of Kinchinjunga, nor the cold serenity of Makalu. It seems to lean over the far edge of the world, yet to appear almost an easy climb. But the resting eye soon picks out the driven furrows ridging the blaze of white. From the summit and the upper slopes frequently rises a powdery drift, a slight, almost imperceptible mist. A mist—it seems no more—yet one remembers how the Everest party crouched for dear life in that stinging blizzard, a blizzard that whirled again and again to a height of between three or four thousand feet, that filled their closed and shuddering tent, and drove them back like swallows in a gale.

Clouds nestle in the crannies of Everest or tumble off its slopes like balls of cotton wool. They cast their shadows—the black shadows of whiteness on a background of whiteness, like gulls black against the sky—as they rise and fall, alternately veiling and unveiling the mountain's ridges and spotless savannahs, glaciers and whirling drifts, and cliffs so sheer and vertical that not the thinnest layer of snow can cling to them. The mountain appears to stand in silence, a giant of snow reacting only to the light, so distant and so supreme that a crashing avalanche or landslide of several acres appears to be but the shifting of a few square yards of snow. Similarly, the crack of an impending glacier or the echo from the falling

rubble of a moraine, fade away through the thin air into silence.

There is little life above the snow-line. But the mountains are alive, and ready to respond to the sun, as bell buoys to wind and water. And the sun does not fail them. At dawn and dusk it washes them with claret, unless clouds change the claret to fiery opal, or take the glory to themselves in serried ridges of gold embroidered on crimson, of orange and amber, of turquoise and amethyst. First Everest from the Tibetan side, then Kinchinjunga in Sikkim from the Nepalese side, take in turn the last glory of the sunset and after-sunset. The after-sunset is a sudden searchlight of amber so lovely that none but these two supreme mountains rise to bathe in it, and so swift that night has added to her solitary planets now blazing in the south-west before the eye can properly apprehend these, as it were, moonlit buttresses, which change from amber to pearl, from pearl to cream, and from cream to a glistening white as the stars sweep over them.

PHALUT, *Oct. 27th.*

Change is the supreme glory of the Himalayas, and Phalut, the nearest habitable point to Kinchinjunga and barely twenty-five miles away, is revealed from this angle an entirely impregnable fortress. Change, not of seasons or conditions, but of angles, of the point of view, is everything. Each new sight of the mountain reveals a new and hides an old glory. It is like revisiting in summer a scene familiar in the spring, or, were it possible to-day, seeing Shakespeare himself and his players in *Hamlet*. To us in England life constitutes this change; and elsewhere, as in the desert when a string of camels crossing the horizon at sunset gives value and proportion to the scene, it is the transient thing that gives it permanent value. But here, except for a solitary eagle, and the struggling yet persistent pines, there is little life. It is not the world of life, but a corner of the bare world itself, too immense for an eagle or a flight of eagles to give it proportion. Here an eagle might swoop from its crag and drop a sheer eight thousand feet or glide to a speck abreast the wind—unseen. Distances such as these are too great for our normal standard of perspectives, and when a tea-

garden and a forest of full-sized trees both look like golf greens of equal excellence, one turns with relief to the less delusive appearance of colour—the bright yellow paint which is mustard and the sorrel rust which is red millet.

From Phalut, Kinchinjunga is seen in apparent detail. From here a moraine or a glacier, if the clouds desire, will change independently from its normal grey to snow; any of her untroubled sweeps or pinnacles will start from their native whiteness, if the sun desires, and blaze for a moment like sunlit ivory. But it is soon over, and at dusk the range subsides to a pale sameness to float, as now, like an iceberg of snow in the full moonlight, or, if there be no moon, to await the resurrection of dawn.

PHALUT, *Oct. 28th.*

Ruskin spoke of " that variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration." What would an eagle over Everest see? Would his eye appreciate the difference between the twenty-nine thousand feet peak of Everest and varying giants, down to pigmies no higher than Mont Blanc, pigmies beneath the dignity of snow? How many hundred miles of the three thousand mile range of the Himalayas would his eye embrace from a height of five miles? Behind him, as he flies south over Everest, the broken bare table-land of Tibet, nowhere in all that vast country larger than Persia, less than twelve thousand feet in height, patched here and there by lakes as blue as the indigenous turquoise. Before him the red rock of the lower reaches, scarred by land-slips and fire, and edged with a black fringe of pines; and stretching far away south, to be lost in the glare of the plains, the billowing olive, fold upon fold of wooded ranges and valleys in Sikkim, Nepal and British India. Immediately below him in the sunlight the foreshortened peak serene in a turmoil of wind.

He would see the white pill-boxes jealously guarding the boundaries of Nepal from British India, the mosaic valleys of mustard, red millet and pink buckwheat; and far beneath him rivers crawling through olive rice fields and wide beds of rock and white sand, ready to receive the swollen waters of the rains. He would see square miles of forest tinged with autumn, though the almond and cherry

are in full bloom and their bright pink stands out in daring exuberance beside the copper of the turning maple and thorn.

DENTAM, *Oct. 30th.*

If you want to travel from Siberia in midwinter to the Sahara in a morning, drop the eight thousand feet from Phalut to Dentam, shedding clothes as you go. But pause above twelve thousand at the highest point, Singalele, see Kinchinjunga's unexplored slopes for the last time, and bid farewell to the Everest range.

Singalele stands a few hundred yards above the point where Nepal, Sikkim and British India meet. Buddhist prayers are fluttering from sticks, and the keen wind travelling all the faster through the rarefied air, rattles in the rhododendrons. From here Makalu almost entirely obscures the great slope of Everest, but to the east of Everest the great buttress of the eastern half of the range draws cloud like a magnet. The peak of Everest is not often, except at dawn, free from cloud. Clouds cling to her summit and roll off her slopes. Their coarse cotton wool mingles with the faint powder of whirling snow like a muffling solace.

Only through glasses can the immensity of the mountain be appreciated. Though a thousand feet higher, she appears dwarfed by Makalu. But through glasses she is seen to draw away superbly from the lesser mountain and to rise beyond her like a goddess amongst her girls. It is the same with Kinchinjunga. From Singalele she appears so near that men on the undisturbed slopes to her summit would be visible to the naked eye. Every crag and facet, every coign and cliff, every swinging savannah of untroubled ivory and snowless overhanging buttress, and each of the vertical ridges of snow like the veins on a melon, stand out in sublime distinction. Field glasses confirm and intensify these impressions. Through them the mountains seem like dreams come true. But follow down through glasses to her snow-line. Draw the glasses down over her successive ranges to the range on which you stand, and you will realise that you are not standing on the Yorkshire moors, but on a pier of Mont Blanc. The snow-line so marks the lesser ranges that without glasses they may all too easily be neglected. But each is

higher than the last. Each has been successfully climbed, but each success has made a greater struggle necessary and meant a tortuous descent of eight or nine thousand feet into the intervening valley. Kinchinjunga remains undefeated, although Mr. Freshfield journeyed right round it in 1897, and a party (half of which lost their lives in an avalanche) has climbed one of the magnificent twin buttresses of Kabru, or the "Twins."

Kabru is the head of the huge prehistoric reptile with an arched and three-pronged back which forms the Kinchinjunga group. But no living thing, except possibly an occasional lammergeyer or a flock of migrating geese, has ever crossed the summit and obtained a bird's-eye view of the range. Life exists above the snow-line, and a certain traveller once saw a snow leopard solemnly making snowballs and rolling them down the slope on which it was prowling, like a kitten at play. There are burhel (a species of chamois) above the snow line in winter, deer, black bear, and stone marten, and in Bhutan the rare takin—a quaint mixture of cow and goat, a species unknown in England until recently, when a specimen was procured for the London Zoo.

From Singalele the traveller descends, leaving the two ranges to differ in their glory. As he descends the rhododendrons grow stouter and bamboos appear as shrubs. Alpine plants appear, edelweiss, gentians, and saxifrages, and soon he is passing under the Gothic arches of bamboo, bamboo trellised—one might almost say with Francis Thompson—with intertwining charities.

To come down from the austere impersonality of the snows to the radiant personalities of bird and beast and tree, is to come down from the glory of things poised between Heaven and earth, without regret. The clockwork buzz of the first cicada, the careless brilliance of the first wayward butterfly, the emerald shimmer of the first squall of green parrots, come with the colour and sound of a happy memory. Soon the sun-birds reappear, the butterflies multiply in brilliance and variety, and with the heightening sun and lessening wind the undergrowth and overgrowth begin to fight in their tropical luxuriousness. The seaweed-green moss that but a few thousand feet above swayed from branches has changed to the spongy

tapestry of forest moss in all its richness. It is a far cry from the silver sheen of the beech, the rhododendron, and the crisp acres of immortelles to the copper richness in rock and tree of Sikkim. The mauve Michaelmas daisy, the violet, the yellow convolvulus and marigold, are now mingled with pink cherry-blossom and ripening bananas, and the orange groves of Sikkim—green oranges with hearts of gold. Orchids—blue, mauve, golden and scarlet—gape silently from their branches, jewelling the trees on which the wind has dropped them.

The traveller, peering into clearings under palm leaves or beneath the chill mist of a waterfall, will see unmapped groves and undiscovered glades. The beauty of a garden, like that of art, exists only by virtue of association and selection. But here there is the gorgeous indifference, the uncontrolled abundance, of the material for gardens controlled only by the restrictions and limitation of space. Here is almost every vice but vanity and every virtue but sympathy.

PEMIONCHI, *Nov. 1st.*

Superficially the forest is an unrelieved olive. A second glance is needed to detect the candelabras of seeding flowers and the hidden spongy clusters of spiræa and cherry. A second glance discloses in a frame of branches a water-fall dwindling into spray, or a herd of piebald cattle still as china figures browsing above the rice fields, or, hanging to the rocks like golden wallets, the honeycombs of wild bees running with honey. Honey sipped from the orchid is richer and more golden than the honey of clover or heather.

Noon bathes the landscape in amber, but the lengthening shadows of the afternoon give it depth and distance till it stands out in three dimensional solidarity, a landscape of triangles and cubes, and one realises the aim of the modern painter who scorns to represent distance by haze and perspective and does not shirk the problem of solidarity. The traveller continually ascends and descends—there is no alternative in Sikkim. Every plateau is seized for cultivation and becomes a hanging garden, in this country of hills and intensely cultivated valleys.

Sikkim, like Nepal and Tibet, has no railways and no

roads. Consequently the peasant in a country of little capitalistic enterprise prospers exceedingly. The country is warm and rich; the native's wants are few, he is self-contained and almost entirely self-productive. With no one to support he has no difficulty in supporting himself. He has no vote and therefore no complaints. And Sikkim is a paradise. It is fragrant with wormwood, with brier, and with orchids. It is brilliant with the huge Datura and the Morning Glory convolvulus, the scarlet poinsetia and the plum-coloured bougainvillæa. It has rubber trees—that do not pay, as the climate is warm enough only to tap them ten months out of the twelve, and the loss of two months is fatal—quinine, pineapples and sugar, and the loveliest mountain in the world. Kinchinjunga's guardians are worshipped in the monasteries, and with them the gods seated behind the flickering butter-lamps and the gilded figure of Buddha. Buddha is dead and his message here forgotten; but the snows he saw remain unchanged and immortal, and his spirit, though it lives elsewhere to-day, differs only in glory.

The Love Story of Robinson Crusoe

By H. M. Forbes

WHEN we think of Robinson Crusoe, we generally visualize a figure in a hairy hat and nondescript jerkin, hairy pantaloons and uncouth sandals, hairy waistcoat and ream-strung water-bag. That Alexander Selcraig, or Selkirk, the prototype of Defoe's immortal hero, did at one period of his turbulent existence present some such appearance is unquestionable; but it was not for long.

The real Crusoe, unlike the Crusoe familiar to our boyhood, wore for the greater part of his life just such apparel as that then in vogue. As youthful rustic he dressed like any other youthful rustic; as pirate as any other pirate; as naval officer as his brother officers. Only when we have divested him of his helmet, fleeced him of his "gamp," commandeered his parrot, can we form the slightest conception of what he looked like when by the "wild majestic Forth" he came in due time to unfold the burden of his love.

Unlike the romances of many other noted toilers of the deep, our knowledge of the romance of Alexander Selkirk is but limited. Everybody knows the love story of Drake, of Rodney, of Collingwood; not a few famous seamen, indeed, have themselves recorded the history of their affections through the medium of their love-letters. Of the love-letters of Selkirk there has not been preserved a solitary page. Thus the romance in question—if we are to follow it at all—we must reconstruct as best we can.

At the time that our story begins, Selkirk had just returned from the adventure which—little as he thought it at the time—was one day to render him immortal. As he wandered about his native village, along the coast to Lundin Links, or in the opposite direction to Elie or Kilconquhar, little did he reckon that on the other side of the Border, and that before long, a book would be written which would carry his name and fame to every country in the world; make his history, indeed, the grand classic of the nurseries, not merely of the Old World but of the New. As a matter of fact the returned wanderer was feeling at the moment anything but self-congratulatory,

when—wandering in Keil's Den, within a few minutes' walk of his father's two-storied cot—he suddenly came across a vision destined ere long to alter his entire outlook. The spectacle in question was that of a fair cottar, Sophia Bruce by name, tending her father's cattle.

According to Charles Reade, "Beauty is power, a smile is its sword." So in good sooth Selkirk was to find. For many a day thereafter, all unknown to the girl herself, he used to sit watching her for hours together. At long last our adventurer resolved to accost this naiad of the carse, Sophia on her side apparently being nothing loth to meet his advances. The truth is that, long before Selkirk had discovered there was such a being in the world as this woodland divinity, the latter had not only heard his story, but despite his hermit-like existence, had even caught an occasional glimpse of him.

Very differently was he dressed at present than on the occasion on which she had first beheld him. His jacket was now hodden grey—before it was of blue plush; his stockings were now home-spun—before they were silk; his headgear was now a "straw"—before it was a shovel hat; to-day he carried a crook—on the first occasion a silver-headed cane. And yet that first peep Sophia well knew she would never forget. The day in question was that on which—his never-to-be-forgotten outlawry at an end—Selkirk once more set foot in his native village.

Receiving no answer on tirling at his father's door on that occasion, Alexander was about to turn away in distress, when he was informed that his parents were at church. Thither he immediately directed his steps—Sophia, seated beside her parents in their old straight-backed pew, being a spectator of all that followed.

Never in the chequered history of that old sanctuary was beheld so singular a scene. The parson was holding forth with true Calvinistic ardour—whether at the fifth head of his sermon or at the seventh, history does not record—when suddenly a stranger appeared in the gallery. That he was nervous—distinctly nervous—there was no mistaking. Several of those who might otherwise have recognized him were asleep; a certain number knew him at once. Heavens alive, what an apparition! It was Alec Selcraig—sure as deith!

At that moment who should wheel round in her pew

but the newcomer's mother, who, utterably unmindful of aught else but the overwhelming fact that her boy—her long-lost Alec—was returned, with a cry of joy leapt from her seat. The next moment mother and son were locked in an embrace profoundly touching to behold. One individual only viewed things rather differently—the preacher, who now took it upon himself, with lugubrious brow and solemn intonation, to censure the actors in this affecting drama. Poor man, his reproof all went for nothing. The Selkirks hurriedly left the church; as for the remainder of the peppermint-munchers, their attention was no longer to be looked for.

Not until the church was empty did Sophia learn the details of the incident which had caused so profound a sensation among the worshippers. The story affected her not a little. With the autocrat of the pulpit she felt highly indignant; with the feelings of the Selkirks warmly sympathetic. Thus, when Selkirk suddenly appeared from a clump of brushwood and stood before her in Keil's Den, he was in the presence of no disinterested party, little though he suspected it.

We can well imagine the effect the returned wanderer would be likely to make on this untutored cottager. To this day, to thousands all the world over, the chaussées leading to the bowery hollows, the glittering piazzas, the moonlit shores of Romance, thronged as they are by bands of pilgrims of all kinds and conditions, would surely be oddly incomplete without the hide-accoutred figure of the king of ocean castaways. How much more readily, then, would a slip of a village girl be to fall under the spell of the actual prototype of that redoubtable character!

At the period in question—the dawn of the eighteenth century—it was not at all uncommon for people to live and die without so much as ever leaving their native villages. Sophia Bruce, if she had ever been as far as Fife Ness or St. Andrews, had probably been not a step beyond. Her education would doubtless be of the simplest, her knowledge of the world as circumscribed as her workaday activities. More than probably the part played in her life by the Church was one of paramount significance. Those were the days of the two-hour sermon, the time when the Sabbath, so far from being a

day of relaxation, was a veritable martyrdom. In the course of a twelvemonth, Hallowe'en and Beltane, Yule and the New Year, were probably the only holidays Sophia ever knew, except perhaps for the festivities attending a "daubing" (the building of the walls of a new farm-house) or a "brothering" feast. So far, perhaps, the outstanding event of her life had been the occasion when at the reaping of the last sheaf (the "maiden," as it was styled), she had enjoyed the felicity of acting as queen. No doubt, too, she had had her lovers: but what were these latter in all conscience compared with her latest cavalier!

Unlike the remainder of her admirers, Selkirk had seen life—real life. It was not merely into the great wonderland of London that he had dipped—itself at that time no ordinary feat; he had sailed the ocean pathways; he had encountered not merely famous seamen, but down-at-heel cut-throats; he had seen the world in the most catholic sense of the word, a world symbolical of every badge of office, label, implement in use by man—the sword and ploughshare; the lover's knot and the hangman's noose; the prayer-book and the tankard; the crucifix and the "jemmy." That Selkirk was no sugar-candy saint Sophia must have known as well as anybody in Largo. That years before he had been a ne'er-do-well, had indeed been reproved by the Elders of the Kirk, must have been in that part of the world a matter of common knowledge. In view of the fact, however, that he was now a local celebrity—no doubt the fair Sophia argued—his past was as easy to forget as his latter-day record to remember. And yet, perhaps, she did not wish to overlook that past. Say what one will, the ladies adore a desperado! The adventurer—whether like Charles Edward Stuart, he is born in the purple, or like Jonathan Wild, he is the son of a peruke-maker, whether like Monmouth the aspirant to a throne, or like François Villon the aspirant to anything he could lay hands on—many women positively idolize. Whoever else is without a sweetheart, it is not your Galloping Jacks, your Dick Turpins, your Deacon Brodies, your Ned Kellys. The favours worn in honour of Jack Shepherd, if only collected into a stall, would far surpass anything at Wembley. Selkirk, needless to say,

was no ruffian, yet he was (as we have seen) no saint, for which very reason, probably, he was in the eyes of Sophia Bruce none the less attractive.

Well can we imagine how, seated beneath some giant beech in the woodland grove, the rosy-cheeked cowherd would delight in catechizing the returned seafarer on the subject of his desert island. Equally well can we picture to ourselves with what fascination she would follow her companion's narrative—not the story of his exile according to Defoe—but the actual story; how that it was at his own request that he became an ocean outlaw; how roofless as was his prison, its bars but a watery waste, to him it had appeared on first acquaintance no less secure, no less grim, than a mediæval dungeon; how during the first few days of his exile the falling of mighty trees struck terror to his heart; how for eighteen months thereafter he could not tear himself away from the shore, so eagerly did he yearn for the sight of a sail; how time and again, Tantalus-like, he beheld passing merchantmen with which, despite frantic flag-waving, he was unable to get in touch. On one occasion, said he, a sloop did anchor, and a boat actually touched at the island; but as the crew were Spaniards, he was terrified to go near them; at which stage of the narrative, her heart lacerated with womanly pity, we can see the tears start to Sophia's eyes.

Continuing his story, the narrator told, no doubt, of how on one occasion he fell over a precipice while pursuing a goat, and was wellnigh killed; how at times he became terribly unwell; how ever and anon he could not but think of his native village. Perhaps as he sheltered from the storm in some tree-screened crannie, Largo, peaceful as a Saint's Day, lay swathed in gentle sunshine; maybe as under a brilliant sun he toiled away in his fence-encircled bungalow, the snell blast of the Ochils was driving the sheiling community to the ingle nook. Was his mother alive? Perhaps they reckoned him dead—if so, it seemed to him they were not altogether wrong. Proceeding, the *raconteur* perhaps divulged a secret he would have confessed to no other in all the world, that with thorn-scarred hands he constructed in the vicinity of his shanty a tiny model—that of his native hamlet—a

model in scrutinizing which in hours of exceptional loneliness, he derived a melancholy satisfaction. Here was the village church—a piece of turf surmounted with a shell; here was the outline of the harbour—a row of sunken sticks; here Balcruivie Castle—a fragment of pimento, rude as the implement with which it was carved; here that part of the village known as the "Temple"—the masonry a handful of sand, the lime the spittle of his mouth. Says Beecher, "It is slow work to be born again." Certainly Crusoe had not found it so. Amidst the horror of his more than desolation, the tremendous truth that it was the Almighty who was his jailor came to him in a flash.

And yet, despite the interest that the guileless village girl aroused in this north-country Sinbad, apparently all was far from well with him. Times there were when despite himself the tears started to his eyes, when a mysterious melancholy claimed him for its own.

Perhaps the reader will best realize the feelings of the returned wanderer at this time if he compares them with those of Rip Van Winkle on his return to his old haunts after his long siesta. Not that, as in the case of Washington Irving's romance, the landscape itself was altered; Selkirk discovered no such metamorphosis. Despite the amazing vicissitudes through which he had passed since he had last beheld his native hamlet, Largo was very much the same now as it had been before he left it. The church, the houses, the wharf, the harbour, appeared as unaltered as the adjacent Law. The Longbeard of the Catskill, it will be remembered, found a terrible shock in store for him on arriving at his old home. His house had gone to decay, the roof had fallen in, the windows were shattered, the doors were off the hinges. Even in this respect Old King Time had been more feeling with Selkirk. When he once more came to his father's house, he discovered that, so far from its being without a roof, doors, windows, it could not have looked in trimmer condition.

True, as we have seen, his parents did not happen to be at home at the moment, but when he did find them it was to his delight in perfect health and strength; and yet Selkirk, alas, no less than Rip Van Winkle, was still faced

with a shattering affliction. His experiences on the desert island had, truth to tell, unfitted him for civilization; communal life he found trying to a degree, cooked food he was no longer able to enjoy, footwear (even on the Sabbath Day) he found irksome beyond measure. At home, indeed, so little did he feel at home, that what should he do but erect a bivouac on the slope of ground behind his father's house, where frequently for days together he sat gazing out on the waters of the Forth. Presently, to Sophia's amazement, for what should her gallant declare he was pining but his desert island!

With the words put into Selkirk's mouth by the poet Cowper, who is not familiar?

> I am out of humanity's reach,
> I must finish my journey alone,
> Never hear the sweet music of speech;
> I start at the sound of my own.
>
> Society, Friendship, and Love
> Divinely bestow'd upon man,
> Oh, had I the wings of a dove
> How soon would I taste you again!

In view of Selkirk's actual feelings, now that he was restored to civilization, how amazing appear these oft-repeated verses! The truth is, just as Selkirk's conduct towards his father had been a repetition of the story of Jonathan and David; as his conversion was but the old story of the bard beloved of Burns; as his conduct in running away to sea was the old story of Black Barabus; what was his attitude to his desert island but another version of the Prisoner of Chillon? On regaining his liberty the one missed the turn-key, his chains, his prison gruel; the other, the days when he was lord of the fowl and the brute, his sea-girt grotto, his goat-skin wardrobe.

Dejected as he was, however, to Robinson Crusoe Sophia's sympathy was an undisguised blessing. Her smile helped to dispel his fits of gloom, her merry laugh to cheer his drooping spirits. It is not to be supposed that two individuals—one of whom, seated at her mother's door, had served her apprenticeship to life at the spinning-wheel, the other in storm and peril at the wheel of a pirate ship—could have very much in common.

It is a long cry betwixt the bleating of the lamb and the roar of the culverin, betwixt the blithe carol of the hedge bird and the ribald ditty of the foc's'le. Yet love, as the poet says, being of man's life a thing apart, has by-laws of its own framing. Presently friendship developed into something deeper, until, in the lair of the coltsfoot and the marsh marigold—in the shadow of a hill which once looked down on those accursed orgies, the drowning of witches; on Sir Andrew Wood employing his prisoners in building defensive works against pirates; on the sails of that ocean dare-devil, Paul Jones; centuries later, on a fleet alike setting out for, and returning from, one of the greatest sea engagements in modern history—there was breathed a story which, if not as familiar to the world at large as the romance of Randolph and Isabel Stewart, of Scott and the Lady with the Green Mantle, of Tannahill and the Flower of Dunblane, is in the Kingdom of Fife at least, a classic in the history of the passions.

Nor "beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale" need we be at a loss as to a certain number of the themes discussed. Often must Selkirk have described to his fair companion the part he himself had played in many an epic of the briny, fights with Spaniards, fights with Indians, adventures in the wild, adventures in the cowilla. We can picture the colour forsaking those comely cheeks at the recital of the chase of that ball-splintered craft, the *Beginning*; of the combat betwixt the *Duke* and Pickhert's prize ship.

Nowadays, not a few trippers whose wanderings have taken them no farther than to Bellagio, to Chiavenna, to Pontresina, have anything but a little to say concerning these easy-stage pleasure-trips; the kind of recital likely then to fall from the lips of a jolly who had sailed with the enterprising Rogers, who had fought the Dago Pontiff, who had seen life as represented on three continents, who in the land of the blue daw and the green parraquet, of the buffalo and the brown bear, had beheld the smoke of human sacrifices, who had looked on the totem of the Creek, who had heard the warcry of the Natchez, may readily be imagined.

Selkirk spoke and was eased by a hundred hectic memories: Sophia listened and was spellbound. What a

man this was, to be sure! Perhaps Sophia had long yearned for just such a daredevil wooer; in the noted words of Milton, for a "great adventurer from the search of foreign worlds." If so, her yearning had not been in vain. Esmeralda was not more fascinated by Phœbus de Chateaupers than was this little Largo petticoat by her venture-crazed romantic. But if to the girl had come the romance of her existence, to the man himself had come such a dream of Paradise as but a short time previous would have appeared the wildest phantasy.

Presently is it not possible that our lovers engaged in the stream-bank ritual long sacred to rural courtships in various parts of Scotland? On becoming betrothed, it was customary for a young couple to stand on opposite banks of some babbling runnel, to lave their hands in the water, and, holding a Bible betwixt them, to vow eternal fealty. After this Bibles were exchanged, the fly-leaves as a rule embellished with a line or two of Holy Writ—perhaps a prayer, such, for instance, as that hallowed for generations from the Lamp of the Lothians to the shores of Loch Sunart:

> The Lord is my herd, nae want sal fa' me. He louts me till lie amang green howles, he airts me atowre by the lown waters. . . . Na! though I gang thro' the deid-mirk dail, e'en thar sal I dreid nae skaithin'; for Yersel are nar by me; Yer stok and Yer stay haud me aye cheerie.

At the present day it is a custom chiefly remembered as one favoured on the banks of the Faile by Burns and Mary Campbell. In Selkirk's time never had it been more prevalent.

At last one fine morning came a surprise such as the dead-and-alive "Temple" had not known for many a long day. It was suddenly announced that, like a thief in the night, surreptitiously, mysteriously, Selkirk had disappeared; not without booty, as it proved, for with him he had taken the fair Sophia.

Here of a verity was a tit-bit for the village gossips! Why an elopement should have been decided on, who can say? Perhaps Sophia had been cautioned against her beau by her people, who may have had other plans in view for her. If so, they can hardly have failed to realize that those hopes were not very likely to be fulfilled; towards the stem to which it was eventually to be

grafted, the flower of the forest had by this time been too long inclining.

The elopement, however, is capable of various explanations. Perhaps Selkirk had once more suddenly fallen a victim to the old wanderlust; perhaps, weary to death with the curiosity evinced in his every movement, he was resolved to have no more of it. It was for Bristol that the lovers set compass, though by what means and by what route—whether, like Garibaldi when he fled with his beauteous Anita, by sea; or like the future Lord Chancellor Eldon when he eloped with Bessie Surtees, by land—remains as great a mystery as much else in their romantic story.

It would be pleasing to be able to affirm that in his treatment of his runaway sweetheart Selkirk's conduct was as unexceptionable in the days to come, as was that of the courageous patriot and the illustrious Chancellor just mentioned.

It would appear that this was not the case. That by this feather-brained escapade Sophia Bruce deeply hurt her parents, there is more than reason to believe. Nor was that sorrow ever to be assuaged. Whatever the beautiful Anita's family had to say concerning that young woman's elopement, they at least had the satisfaction in years to come of knowing that her destiny was allied to that of a man of peerless chivalry, of sovereign prowess, a leader of world-wide fame and reputation. Highly vexed as was the Surtees family at the runaway union of their no less lovely daughter, the time was to come when they were to see her husband marching from success to success, from triumph to triumph, to knighthood, to three-quarters of a million in money, to the Woolsack, to an Earldom. Such a record would probably appease not a few parents. How different, alas, with the poor village girl who, in the watches of the night, decamped with "Robinson Crusoe"! Not only did the latter grow weary of his Dulcinea—and that ere very long—but, as a result, she was in the end actually reduced to want.

Shortly after Selkirk abandoned her, Sophia died: according to some, of a broken heart. As for Selkirk himself, he not so long afterwards led to the altar one Frances Candis or Candia. Of this marriage we know

very little; nor of our adventurer's life from this time onwards, indeed, is much more on record. Whether he ever became a pirate again is open to question, but certainly he went once more to sea. At the time of his death, which occurred nine or ten years after his union to Frances Candia, Selkirk was an officer on board His Majesty's ship *Weymouth*. Even these scanty details the good folk of Largo might never have heard, only not long after his death who should suddenly appear in Largo, with a view to claiming his property, but Sophia's successor! The latter, who was a widow when Selkirk married her, and who, according to all reports, was only less frivolous than a schoolgirl, was by now married for a third time; and, having no difficulty in establishing her claim to a house in the village left her by her second husband, she presently took her departure from the "Temple," almost as suddenly as had Selkirk and Sophia Bruce.

It is a notorious fact that many of the noted lovers who have secured their brides only by runaway marriages have not only led supremely happy lives, but in death lie side by side. It is thus with the Burtons, with the Erskines, with the Eldons. It would be the same with the Sheridans and the Brownings, had it not been the general wish that the dust of the illustrious orator, no less than that of the famous poet, should mingle with that of those buried in the Abbey; by which time the Beauty of Bath had been for years lying in Wells Cathedral, Elizabeth Barrett for years under Italian skies in the little Protestant cemetery looking out towards Fiesole.

The union of Selkirk and Sophia Bruce, on the other hand, was the reverse of felicitous. There remains, however, a word or two more. The last resting-place of Sophia is totally unknown. As for that of Selkirk himself, some there are who maintain that he was buried at sea, others that there is no reason for any such supposition. Despite the place he holds in the heart of the multitude—old as well as young—the fact is that the burial-place of "Robinson Crusoe," like that of his Largo enchantress, is a mystery as impenetrable as that by Nebo's lonely mountain.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Political Parties' Balance Sheets

"This is the time of the year, Heddle," said Sergeant Murphy, "whin directhors of public companies make their annual statemints to the shareholdhers, in which they say, 'Your directhors have been keepin' their ears to the ground, waitin' for the thin, small voice on the horizon that will indicate a recovery of thrade. In the meanwhile, with hearts too full for words, we have to tell you that the Preference dividend will be passed, *nem* darin' to *con*, and we look forward to the New Year with confidince timpered be fear.'

"Now you don't know it, but that's exactly what the heads of the big political parties do. At this moment they have their statemints of accounts ready for the mimbers of the party, and, bein' a bit of a political charthered accountant meself, I've been writin' their speeches for thim. This is how they'll go:

"Misther Baldwin, with his halo slightly akimbo, as befits a careless farmer, will say, 'Your directhors are very happy to congratulate you on a grand year's workin'. Foreign business has been very satisfactory. We're on good terms with everybody bar Russia, with whom our cordiality is resthrained and dignified. The United States is acceptin' our conthributions in the liberal spirit in which they're offered, pausin' now and thin to test an odd coin with her teeth, and sayin' nothin' agin us in private conversation that she's not prepared to shout in Congress. France is threatenin' to pay us part of our debt as soon as the weather and the franc improves. Italy and the rest of our debtors is tumblin' over wan another in their frantic rush to thrust I.O.U.'s on us, and but for the Channel Islands, which have a timperemintal dislike for us in anny other part than that of the Fairy Godmother, the Bills Receivable account would look a picture. Moreover, be the terms of the Locarno Pact, we've the right to join in almost anny fight or other festivity that breaks out on the Continent.

"'The record of the Home Section, too, is good, but

not so good. This is mainly due to the large amounts we've had to expind to meet recurrin' obligations, and which, with your consint, we're chargin' to Capital Account. The Coal Thrade is supportin' itself with the help of the gold crutch we gave it. The Irish Free State and Ulsther have come to us as to a big brother to settle a dispute between thim, and we've sint thim away happy with somethin' in their little hands to induce thim to be good boys and not quarrel. We've also handed a small tariff umbrella to a few industhries that cannot make headway on account of the unfair competition of Germany with its low wages and/or America with its high. We've shoved the Bank Rate up in ordher to see if annything will happen, but are prepared to shove it down if annything does. In this we share the views of the great financial experts who are half of wan and half of the other way of thinkin'.

"'We'll now proceed to accept the usual vote of thanks and call it a day.'

"Misther Ramsey MacDonald will have a harder task. He'll say: 'Your directhors regret to have to inform you that the year's workin' has not been so satisfacthory as we expected. Our subsidiary company, the Communist Party, has been like an Ould Man of the Sea on our shouldhers, sappin' our strinth and ridin' us with rowelled spurs. Moreover our Russian connections have shown a net loss.

"'The brightest feature in the year's record is the splindid doin's in the Debrett Section. At a Labour tea-party nowadays, as likely as not, the Madeira cake or the wathercress will be balanced on the prongs of a coronet, and Old Etonians compete with Old Barnardonians in devisin' new styles in red ties. In a year from now the "Mornin' Post" simply won't have the nerve to keep us out of their Social Gossip column. So, be of good cheer, comrades.'"

"What about the Liberal Party?" asked Heddle.

"The Liberal Party, is it?" asked the Sergeant with a sniff of contempt. "Sure at the present time, what with wan squabble and another, there's only wan part of the Liberal Party that counts—I mane Lloyd George. And he, only because he has something to count."

Perdue

By W. Senior

From Damis, buried deep in books and thought,
Pyrrha in vain his former dalliance sought,
And he, grown old and cold within a year,
Saw neither pretty pout nor warning tear,
As from their cot, all lissomness and grace,
Towards the encircling woods she swung apace,
And stood forlorn, lone nympholept of love,
Watching the low sun kiss the slumbering grove.

* * * * *

And lo! the sun's last rosy sally made
The beech-boles seem a shining colonnade,
As 'twere of jacinth; from which temple filed
A line of satyrs linked with maids as wild;
Some pick-a-back their swains bestrode, some ran
And leapt beside no less a god than Pan,
Who, turn by turn pursuer and pursued
Played now the wooer, now again the wooed
Of naiads ivory-smooth and serpentine
Like their own streams in summer's hyaline;
So came he with his following to the glade
Beneath where Pyrrha cowered, half-afraid,
Remembering tales that never mortal eyes
Unpunished probe such silvan mysteries.

* * * * *

Evening had smoothed the fevered face of day
As with a scented salve; leaving their play,
Naiad and satyr, silvery nymph and faun,
As still as statues set upon a lawn,
Waited the sound of flute and cymbal blent
Together in Lethean blandishment
To lead their rhythmic measure to and fro:
Yet long the twilight's amethystine glow
Held only silence passing strange and strained—
Unbroken till a sudden voice complained
That symmetry and use and woodland lore
Demanded for their ritual one maid more.

* * * * *

PERDUE

Fair Pyrrha heard, and bounded like a hare
Towards the immortal band assembled there,
All her heart's hunger quavering in her cry
"Give me to dance with you before I die!"
And as the murmur of a distant weir
The level droning laughter answering her;
But sapient Pan: "Nay, this saves more ado;
Come, girl; we gods love tenderlings like you."

* * * * *

Damis, long seeking, found of her alone
Her little sandals and her silken zone.

Last Night I Waked from Sleep

By Brian Hill

LAST night I waked from sleep, and suddenly
A little joy crept in my heart and stayed
And grew there till it filled me utterly:
The moon slipped through my window-pane, and made
The darkness dream-hued. Shadows ghost-like played
Stealthily round my bed and silently
Stole back again into their cornered tomb.
Among my tumbled hair a cool hand strayed,
A slight form bent to kiss me in the gloom—
Did you, too, wake, beloved, and tenderly
Smile in the moon-washed dimness of your room,
And wonder if I loved you? Smile and sigh,
More lonely for the thought of my caress,
More tender for the still Night's loneliness?

The Madeleine

By Cecil I. Dorrian

He mounted the steps of the Madeleine slowly. He limped a trifle, but that was because he had only one of his own legs left. The other was a fancy wooden invention that had no intelligence of its own and required too much on the part of the wearer. Still it enabled him to do without crutches. He hated crutches. Nor did he wear a ribbon, medal, or anything to suggest the war or to remind himself or anyone else that he was a wounded veteran.

His slender figure was clad in sleek civilian dress, and his cane, though he carried it for use, was of ebony and ivory and suggested an exotic taste. A fresh spring flower was button-holed in his coat lapel. It was like a challenge. There seemed a faint irony about him—or was it only imagined?

He had come to the Madeleine to burn a candle—after his fashion—to things-as-they-were. Things-as-they-were had been perhaps none too kind to him, but he had a liberal spirit. He liked things-as-they-were. The sweet nonsense of human affairs attracted him. Doubtless nonsense in its subtle way served the higher justice.

Had not the war period calmly asked for his life, actually taken his leg, done what it could to scatter his brains, covered him with medals and glory and passed on? Then had come peace dancing in, and everything that the war had required a man to be peace condemned him for having been. Besides, peace exacted fresh spirits, no memories, an unmutilated body, wealth, ambition, and success. Ironhanded Mars had banged his fist down and ordered his soldiers to give up everything for an ideal, and had been quite impatient with those who had hung back. Miss Peace, however, had a sense of humour. Ideals? Yes, of course, but they were heavy baggage to dance with. A light foot, a light laugh, and a nice dress were

all that was necessary to go with the music of saxophone and drum. And saxophone and drum made a proper caricature of Mars. It was a fitting post-war music.

The man with the flower in his buttonhole was buying a candle and sticking it on the rack where the other offerings were burning. A contrasty sequence it was from yesterday's despotic opinion which had demanded his leg to to-day's which required him to dance. But no, he had forgotten. To-day's opinion required nothing of him. It had thrown him away on the scrap heap. He was part of the battlefield rubbish along with the split cannon, the old grenades, and the rusty barbed wire. He was a wounded veteran. Nothing was so out of date, so undesirable. He was worse than last year's popular song or the straw hat of the summer before.

His candle was now flickering jauntily, matching its speed and audacity with the others. The candles seemed to be engaged in a race to see which could get burned first. With what intentions were the others offered? His was burning to things-as-they-were. Silent figures were around him in the semi-light. Some were on their knees. He wondered if perhaps his curious little "intention" was a prayer, too, a prayer for understanding, a light burned on the altar that a light might enter into his mind.

For he understood but dimly what had happened to depreciate yesterday's golden ideals into the paper money of to-day's. Yet although it was still nominally the standard you could not even spend yesterday's coin to-day except at a discount. To-day's paper was the only currency that passed acceptably and unchallenged. What faintly marked but tremendous frontier had been crossed between then and now, a frontier which no one had seen in the crossing?

The change from the war mind to the peace mind had been so gradual that the transition had not been felt, but these two minds had made two different worlds. The breath of the war world came pungently to his nostrils again as the man who was burning a candle drifted back unconsciously to an hour he had spent in the Madeleine on Easter Sunday, 1918.

He had been on leave. He had sat in nearly the spot he was sitting now. Silently the figures of that day passed

in and took the empty seats around him. There stood Curé Langlois in the pulpit against its background of carved wood and jewelled lights. He was telling his people about the Ship of Paris, that "though it tosses, sinks not," "*Fluctuat nec mergitur.*" It is written on the coat of arms of the city beneath a little poop-galley ship sailing on evenly-curled, permanent waves. The Curé evoked the long perspective of their history to fortify his people with the thought of other days as stormy as these that their robust forbears had weathered.

There had been need of stalwart words on that throbbing Easter of 1918. Disaster was riding down the wind. There seemed but little time to spare before the end, and the end meant death to many there, ruin to them all. The night before had been big with the fracas of cannon and bomb as three raids had swept over the city in the uncanny late moonlight before dawn. And even now as they sat listening to the Curé's thundering appeal the huge thud and slowly unfolding roar of shells from the blind gun at Crépy shook the walls of the building and filled the air as though with a muffled tremor.

These shells were plunging outside into the midst of city traffic. The next might curve on to the Madeleine herself and bring down her stone roof on the heads of the crowd inside. Only two days before it had happened in St. Gervais and one hundred people had been reduced in a flash to a mess of blood and bones and hair.

"We are standing on the deck of the ship of Paris and have pulled out from the shallows and reefs of fear." The Curé's voice sailed over the serried rows of heads. "Our course lies across the open sea of courage. We have fought and struggled and endured through the dark night, and it has all seemed in vain. But, like Peter, at the word of faith we must sail out at dawn and cast our nets again."

Came the shock, roar, thunder, tremor of another shell.

"She tosses but sinks not. Great Paris, so dear to us all! The storm is on, but she rides it and shall ride it through."

When the Curé finished he turned and went down the pulpit steps, but no one left. The enormous crowd rose to its feet as the music for the rest of the mass began. Women, children, men, home people, foreigners—no one

moved to go, though the thought of that granite roof falling might well have been in the minds of all with each shock of the bombardment. They had got the war mind. After months, even years, of uncertainty they were accustomed to asking themselves, "What if it were to be now?" They were hardened to the speculation, for all the perspectives of life, somehow long and vague in peace time, had become foreshortened. It was a hard, dull strain, but the constant tension had revealed the measure of their endurance. Like violins, human creatures were apparently fashioned to withstand the tightening of their nerve-strings. Sometimes they had the joy of discovering that as emotions touched them they gave out something as fine as music. Tense but truly keyed through suffering and resistance, they could be played upon to give out courage, strength, gladness in the service of an idea. It was what happened in the Madeleine on that Easter. A war-time crowd was being played upon, and the one who looked in their pale, set faces could fancy he heard the music of their response. In fact, there was no doubt of their response. Did it not sing loud and clear in the very silence of their standing erect and immovable through the shock of recurring shells and with the horror of St. Gervais in their hearts?

The organ took the air with a great sweep of defiance. Its deep-throated pipes roared like the voice of an army leaping forward to attack. A heavy tremor. Was it another shell or was it merely the energy of the organ? "*Aux armes, Citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!*" The vast congregation thrilled, for working its way into the background of the offertory music sounded the refrain of the Marseillaise. It was like myriad voices far away, gathering, advancing. The organist in his dark loft seemed to have gone into an ecstasy. Perhaps he had half forgotten where he was and fancied himself on the poop of the ship, carefree and glad with all the feeling of self quite vanished, shouting a challenge down the wind at the storm.

That had been the Madeleine's glory day. It was typical of many she had seen, but it was at the pinnacle of them all.

The veteran, now gazing fixedly into the light of his

candle, thought of how the great doors of the temple had swung open at the end and let in a flood of sunlight, of spring air, of buoyancy. He heard again the voice of the priest singing, "Ite missa est," as the crowd calmly turned and went out to face another week of war, of raids and shells.

Little doubt but that the people who glided out between the pillars of the portico and down the steps of the Madeleine on that Easter day were sure something had been gained of permanent and wondrous value. The epic that had been played on the dim battlefield of their own emotions and had tempered them, trued them up, and given them a triumphant feeling of power in carelessness of self was surely a thing that could never be lost.

Intangible but enduring was the power of character. Substanceless, it was the only reality. It was the most imperishable bequest that one generation could make to another. What they had gained of iron in their souls would never be lost. They could hand it on.

The veteran looked past his shortening candle toward the high altar, and an odd fancy took him as his eyes fell on the white marble figure of the Magdalen surrounded by her angels.

"Saint Marie-Madeleine," he said, "why are you dancing? And your smile, do you mean it to be the smile of a saint? I know what you are. You've reverted to type like the rest of us. You're the Magdalen. You think it's funny that nine million men were killed for an ideal that now no one believes in."

The figure of the saint seemed poised lightly as though at an exquisite moment of balance in the rhythm of a dance. She was smiling. Of that he was sure. She was beautiful, but it seemed devilish that she should be taken for a saint by the people in the temple when he could see quite clearly now that she was the Magdalen in her full glory. He felt a stirring like love. It would be quaint, he thought, to fall in love with a marble sinner who was successfully posing as a saint in one of the principal pious retreats of the great city. It would be in tune with things-as-they-were which he was not sure he understood any better though his candle had now burned its full course and perished in a dismal little heap of its own wax.

"You who are amused at some secret of your own, perhaps you will tell me what has become of all the fire and splendour of spirit that people showed who were tried in the long strain and not found wanting. Or are you one of those who think that there was nothing sound in it after all and that war is merely a thing like whiskey that fills us with fine emotions we no longer believe in once the fumes have risen? In that case it is not surprising that you have become the Magdalen again. You have lost faith in tne beauty of man. You are convinced that we of the war generation have no iron of soul to hand on to our progeny as we thought, but that as a result of the great struggle we can offer them only rickets and an unsound mind.

"Satire has brought you back the Magdalen's spirit, though your brow must still wear the official halo. You are the soldier's saint. You are in the mood of the burying squad I once saw on the fields after the fight at Bligny. 'There goes one hero!' 'And here's another!' they sang laughing among themselves as they jammed their long, thin bayonets into the stiff bodies of the dead and tossed them with rhythmic swing into the common burial pit."

As the veteran leaned back in his chair with his eyes closed he heard the saint say:

"St. Marie-Madeleine was Paris in time of war. The Magdalen is she in peace. It is the same person, but now she has recrossed the frontier of safety. Who can tell you which is her sounder self? War is a thing of one mood, but peace has many. Do you want the world to show us its diversity or not? I used to worship the crowds who went out silently to endure the uneven chances of destruction as now I love the faces that are lined and drawn with their struggle in the confused welter of peace. The register that shows what is lost and what gained is not here. For more than a thousand generations mankind has searched for it in vain.

"Yes, I am the soldier's saint, for I would have chanted their bitter laughing song with the burial squad even as I wept over those who paled at danger but did not retreat, or as I now step to the mocking music in the dance halls of peace. I have no complaint for changing moods.

Are you sure that to-day's blasphemy is shouted in contempt of yesterday's ideals, or as a tribute to their greatness?

"And I am the Magdalen stepping down from the chaste elevation of war into the turbulence of peace. Do you hear the growls of revolution, the drums of discontent around me? Do you see the pale faces of silent hunger, the snarl of vicious poverty beneath my shadow? Listen to the rush of pleasure traffic beside me and think how at dusk the lights nearby are arrogant festal lamps standing like beacons to mark the narrow channels of luxury.

"Would you have me the aloof saint or the Magdalen who walks among her people, who puts a warm hand in theirs when their disillusions drive them to blaspheming hate or to contemptuous amusement?"

"I would have you the Magdalen and love you," he sighed. "Who else will have me than some saint who understands? Has not half the swing and joy of my manhood been cut off? Whom else may I love?"

The Magdalen leaned down and whispered.

"I'll give you my sweet, false kiss and send you out into the sun. And you will be happy that my kiss is sweet and glad it is false. For it will make you feel the keen creative poison of things-as-they-are. That they are wrong will seem magically right to you, and, besides, the answer to them all is in yourself."

He came down the steps of the Madeleine in the luminous warmth of noon. His limp was so slight that only the attentive eye would have been aware of it, but that was because he was more considerate of the stupid wooden thing that was trying so hard to serve him as a leg. As he swung into the crowded midday streets a hurrying midinette ran into him and so upset his studied balance that only a friendly lamp-post saved him from a fall. She turned and smiled at him. Quickly with his free hand he raised his hat and laughed.

He was back in the race of life again. He had recrossed the frontier himself.

Thoughts on Conservatism

By Harry St. L. Grenfell

(*Hon. Sec. Oxford University Conservative Association*)

THE ultimate object of all political parties should be the same. For is not the science of politics an attempt to provide for the citizens of the State the most favourable conditions possible, that they may develop their individual faculties to the utmost, both for the benefit of other people and for themselves? That, surely, should be our goal. Politicians, however, not only disagree about the methods to be employed, the principles to be followed, in the attempt to attain this object, but, by too great a concentration on gaining some immediate advantage over their rivals, they sometimes lose sight of their original aim. The prime duty of the Conservative Party is to gain this ultimate objective; the necessity of defeating political rivals being only an incidental duty.

Socialists advocate, and perhaps believe in, equality. While they profess to aim at equal wealth and education with consequent equality of happiness and intelligence, their policy would inevitably produce precisely opposite results. They would, indeed, achieve equality only in the one respect of poverty. Conservatives believe this arbitrary imposition of equality to be contrary to the laws and the design of Nature, and therefore unattainable. Equality, as a doctrine, is founded upon a belief in some vague theoretical rights, involving a repudiation of all legal and historical conceptions of justice. But Socialists do not also proclaim the truth, "that the sole origin of every right is in a duty fulfilled," a truth incompatible with their promises of something for nothing.

Conservatives are convinced that State ownership and State control of industry would bring economic, if not moral, ruin on this country. We believe that private enterprise, which has built up our World Empire, is the foundation of efficiency, and the hope for our future prosperity. But a belief in private enterprise and in capitalism does not entail a blind belief in all capitalists. Already there are many checks regulating conditions of labour. These admittedly need perfecting. Nor is the Con-

servative Party averse to such measures; it was not they, but the Liberals, who avowed the policy of *laissez faire*.

An all-in insurance scheme is desirable in order that the working man may have security from absolute destitution guaranteed to him and those dependent upon him. Anxiety destroys the health, the work, the hope of the wage earner. To the question:—is the State justified in taxing one section of the community for the benefit of another section?—I would reply that great as the need for economy may be, expenditure of this kind is the best insurance against industrial troubles in the future. If politicians of the last century had given greater thought to social questions, we should not be faced to-day with such widespread unrest. This policy is, therefore, not only in the true interest of the community as a whole, but ultimately of those who are called upon to make the necessary sacrifices.

Capitalists must remember their duty as trustees for the community. "Property, like all men possess, is a trust which the individual holds, not for his own indulgence, but for the general good." The Socialists say that the *State* must be responsible "to all for all." Let us *individually* accept that responsibility as our guiding principle. Then, and then only, will that inherited sense of wrong and injustice accepted by a large section of the working classes be dispelled. Co-partnership in industry, in some form or other, holds great promise for the future. Perhaps it would be fatal to advance through the experimental stage too quickly, but employees want to *know* that they are not being "exploited." Suspicion, and unnatural antagonism between Capital and Labour, must be destroyed We can then look forward with confidence for a new spirit in industry and for industrial recovery.

"The aristocracy are the natural leaders of the people, for the aristocracy and the labouring population form the nation." But the aristocracy must set the example and lead if the ideal of democracy is to be achieved—"the progress of all under the leadership of the best and wisest."

[*Articles and letters from Young Conservatives are invited, and will be published monthly. As far as possible replies will be given to those expressing doubts and difficulties. Brevity will necessarily be taken into consideration in selecting those for publication.*—ED.]

Are We a Musical People?

By Frederick Kitchener

THIS question has been asked and answered time and again. Some, including the late Sir Hubert Parry, have maintained that, with the exception of the Germans, we are the most musical people in Europe. Others, with characteristic English self-disparagement, never tire of trouncing us on the score of our supposed failings in respect of musical culture and appreciation. We will try to get to fact in the matter.

The English nation can pride itself on having originated the art of harmony as understood in the modern sense. The first piece of four-part harmony in existence, set to the words "Sumer is icumen in," was written in England in the thirteenth century. By the time of Shakespeare the art had developed wonderfully, and our musicians were considered to be the best in Europe, both as composers and executants; they were so highly esteemed that several of them were offered lucrative posts on the Continent, and occupied them with general appreciation. Byrd, most of whose compositions have had to wait some centuries for publication, was equal in his way to Palestrina as a master of choral writing, and there were others, including Weelkes and Tallis, who were great in the same department. As performers, too, upon the organ and harpsichord we shone equally; Dowland is mentioned in this respect in Shakespeare's Sonnets, and there were other players equally eminent. England, it has been said, was in Elizabethan times "a nest of singing birds." This happy state of things ceased practically with the death of Purcell; and with the coming of the Hanoverian dynasty, followed by the illustrious German, Handel, our prominence as a musical nation suffered complete eclipse. Handel, a very great man, spent most of his life in England, and set his oratorios to English words for the pleasure of English people; thus we have come to claim these splendid works as our own, and may be justified in our claim. But the overwhelming superiority of Handel and his great German contemporaries and followers had no parallel in any other country; and until the death of Brahms, in 1897, this

German influence was paramount in England. Just at that time (1897) a wave of national musical feeling began to arise over the country; Elgar was becoming known; people asked themselves what real reason there was why England should not revive her former musical glories. The revival has progressed, though slowly; the war certainly helped it along, and we are not content nowadays with so-called English music which is merely a copy of German or Italian models. We look forward to possessing a store of first-class music that is as essentially English as the works of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms are essentially German, or as the music of Rossini, Verdi, and Puccini is essentially Italian. But our composers will not attain that pitch until they have steeped themselves in the spirit, the literature, the history, and the folklore of England. We are all too much inclined to be more appreciative of what is strange and foreign than aware of what we ourselves might do with our own plentiful material for musical creation if we had sufficient inspiration and determination.

There are plentiful signs, however, of a further development of nationalization in our music. The instantaneous success of Holst's opera, "At the Boar's Head," in which words by Shakespeare are skilfully set to music founded upon old English folk-tunes, shows that there is a public demand for, and thorough appreciation of, English opera of the right kind. A great national school of English composers cannot be built upon the insecure foundation of pseudo-Orientalism or of imitation of Wagner, Strauss, or Debussy. There is so much that is fine and clean and lovable in our own country, our own history and literature, that remains unexplored by creative musicians. As a nation we have the most individual characteristics of any; we have a magnificent literary record, and have produced great artists and architects. Our climate, though uncertain, is healthy and stimulating, and away from the artificial life of our great cities we are essentially an open-air-loving people. Our scenery is unequalled in its variety and charm, and those of us who go abroad for change and recreation always return to England with heightened appreciation of its beauties.

Smaller and less important countries than England have developed an intense sense of musical nationality. Norway has had her great composer in the person of Grieg, who founded his style of composition upon the various idioms of Norwegian folk-music. Finland has her Sibelius, who has been inspired by the folklore and history of his country to his best achievements. This intensely national feeling, as exemplified in the works of representative composers, is no mere chimera, as some would have us believe that it is; Debussy's music is all typically French in matter and manner; the music of Granados could have been written by none other than a Spaniard; and there is no mistaking the "Russianness" of Tchaikovsky. One reason of Elgar's musical ascendancy is that he has shown the world that such a quality as "Englishness" in music really does exist. The music of Parry, though fine in quality and lofty of purpose, has never been as acceptable to English ears as Elgar's best work has proved to be, precisely on account of the lack in Parry's work of that indefinable "Englishness" of idiom and expression; yet Parry was a fine specimen of an English gentleman, and a keen lover of England and all that she stands for in the world.

Strongly national composers have always lived chiefly in their own native countries and among people of their own kith and kin. Grieg in the near past, and Elgar and Sibelius still happily with us, though they have frequently paid visits to foreign countries, chiefly in connection with performances of their own works, have each preferred to reside permanently in the country of their birth. On the contrary, great virtuoso-composers have generally been birds of passage. Paderewski, one of this order, though a Pole, lives chiefly in Switzerland. Liszt, of Hungarian birth, lived much in Paris, Rome, and Weimar. It is worthy of notice that of all the enormous quantity of music composed by Liszt (the far greater part being of decidedly cosmopolitan quality), the most popular works are the Hungarian Rhapsodies, which are thoroughly national in every way. Rubinstein, who was a master pianist and a cosmopolitan composer, never took a permanent place in the latter capacity.

The ultra-German prepossessions and preferences of

Wagner, one of the greatest composers, flamed out continually throughout his life; in his literary productions he was rather tiresomely given to asserting the superiority of the German spirit in every department of existence, himself regarding his various operas and music-dramas as a whole in the light of being the crown and summit of a chain of mighty works by Gluck, Bach, Mozart, and especially by Beethoven, all of which works he considered to have been incarnate inspirations of the same great German spirit. Wagner never made any profession of "cosmopolitanism"; he prided himself on his German nationality, education, and feeling, and was certainly the most vehemently national composer who has ever lived.

Surely no observer of these things can doubt that there is such a quality as a national spirit in music, and that it has had, and is still having, a very great effect upon the musical productions of every artistically creative European country. There is no reason why England should be an exception to the general rule, or why she should not produce composers whose individual modes of creative musical expression, while as far apart and as different from each other as were the creations of Brahms and Wagner, will yet resemble these in being essentially national.

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London, the Mecca of every aspiring artist, whether native or foreign, still continues to attract the best of the musical world. Foreign musicians swarm here, either as visitors or residents; in either capacity they display surprising unanimity in managing to extract considerable money from the pockets of the so-called unmusical English while at the same time either ignoring or disparaging English music and musicians. From the great majority of these people we shall not obtain much furtherance in our progress as a musical nation, and we ourselves must work out our own musical salvation.

The Metropolis is naturally the centre of British musical life. Here are the great concert-halls, the leading orchestras, the finest choirs, the great schools of music; here are published our musical journals—second to none, by the way, in the world—and here reside most of our

front-rank musicians. But London is not merely an ordinary city; it is, in fact, a conglomeration of great cities. Yet the great public concert-halls are all situated within a comparatively short distance from each other, all in one quarter of London, and that the West End. Whatever things may have been like fifty years ago, it is certain that in the year 1925 the West End has not the monopoly of either the brains or money of London. In such places as Blackheath or Clapton we can find to-day a very fair number of people who enjoy hearing good music, and have the means to pay for hearing it. But to go from either of these places to the Albert Hall or Queen's Hall entails a lengthy and broken journey, and your busy Londoner has not often the time, even if he has the inclination and the means, for such a jaunt. This, some will say, is precisely where the "wireless" comes in. It may be, we reply, that in a few years' time broadcasting will have reached such a pitch of perfection that we never need leave the comfort of our homes for a stuffy and uncomfortable concert-hall; but judging from some recent experiences we may safely declare that to attend a concert personally is preferable to "listening-in" as far as artistic satisfaction is concerned. As time goes on, there will no doubt be greater decentralization of first-class musical performances, to the benefit of the great majority of Londoners.

Unless one is at the top of the tree, music as a profession in England is poorly paid in comparison with other professions. Even the best-paid British musicians do not receive nearly as high fees as foreigners—whether conductors, instrumentalists, or singers. There exists a certain vague belief among the general public that English musicians, of whatever kind, are not equal to foreign; the more flamboyant personal get-up and greater platform flair of the foreigner are accepted as evidences of superior musical ability. English musicians of our day do not take readily to wearing long hair and eccentric neckties; they, as a rule, hate to be different in any outward respect from their fellow-countrymen; they are generally shy and reserved, and have no personal mannerisms or peculiarities. (It is curious that English poets and painters have not been equally modest in the matter

of personal appearance; the lengthy locks and distinctive dress of Lord Tennyson, for example, were never looked upon as eccentric.) This hatred of singularity undoubtedly goes against the success of English musicians with the English public, which has a sneaking feeling that its artistic lions ought not to be just as ordinary people are, but "different" and apart. And, indeed, it is difficult to understand why our musicians should not cultivate distinctive personalities when by so doing they might further not only their own interests but also the interests of English music in general.

Meanwhile we have among us a composer of genius—Elgar; first-rate conductors—Beecham, Wood, and Ronald; fine violinists—Sammons and Dunn; highly-gifted pianists—Fanny Davies and Borwick;* masterly solo organists—Pyne, Ley, and Alcock; an unequalled writer on musical matters—Ernest Newman; and a great many excellent people in all these various departments, who come below the premier class. Our great teaching institutions can hold their own in all Europe in efficient management and in the quality of the tuition given. Our musical journals cater for every kind of good musical taste, and are marvels of broad-mindedness and catholicity. Our best performers, unfortunately, do not travel the globe in the manner of foreign *virtuosi*; were they to do so our national musical prestige would be enormously increased.

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But the foregoing deals for the most part with professional musicians—a very small proportion of the great English public. And let us say at once that, though the proportion of cultivated musical amateurs may possibly not be as great in this country as in some other countries, the standard of judgment and appreciation among English amateurs is as high as that which is reached anywhere. It has been levelled at us that we have no standard of appreciation; but why should there be any definite rule-of-thumb standard? Even among the most gifted musicians there is far from being agreement in appraising the works of various composers. It is

* The writer regrets that the death, at a comparatively early age, of Mr. Leonard Borwick took place after this article was written.

generally accepted that Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, and Brahms were composers of the first rank, but even so we know of several well-known musicians who prefer Chopin to Brahms or Schumann to Haydn. There is necessarily a standard of judgment, based upon the opinions of the greatest minds, in all the arts; hardly anyone would dispute the supremacy of Shakespeare in literature or of Bach in music; but absolute rigidity of preference would be fatal to the popularity of any art. In certain "superior" musical quarters in England there is a decided disposition to employ too much of the coercion of the schoolmaster or the drill-sergeant, to dictate to the public as to what music it ought to prefer and to scold it if it dares to display any individual or original likes and dislikes. Surely we need not be debarred from occasional enjoyment of "jazz" simply because we happen to understand and appreciate the works of the great masters!

The most popular form of music among the majority of our public is the oratorio. Handel's "Messiah," Mendelssohn's "Elijah" or "St. Paul," or Haydn's "Creation," are always certain to attract. One English work, Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," is equal in popularity to these.

In opera we continue to rely almost entirely upon German, Italian, and French works; but we hope that the success of Holst's new opera may signify the commencement of a new era in operatic matters in England. Far too much has been made in the past of the alleged shortcomings of the English in the appreciation of opera. We need not be too apologetic on this score; in some respects, perhaps, this lack of appreciation might be counted to us for righteousness, as most German and Italian operas are full of paradoxical situations which our clear-sighted public sees at once to be absurd and therefore disapproves of. Foreign opera has always been more or less of an exotic in this country and always will be; and, as the writer knows from personal experience, having been for some time the operatic critic of an English newspaper published in a great foreign city, English residents in foreign operatic centres are noticeably lukewarm in their attitude towards operatic doings in general.

In church and organ music England excels. The writer spent the summer of 1924 in Rome, and was surprised and disappointed by the poor quality of the music performed in the great basilicas and churches there. In England, on the contrary, the standard of church music is unquestionably high. Nowhere else is the standard of choral music maintained with such efficiency as in our best cathedrals, and there are many ordinary parish churches where the music is good in quality and well performed. Solo organ-playing is also well represented among us, and we have several organists of the front rank. It is becoming usual to build large organs in cinemas, and these are generally successful, though the quality of the music performed sometimes leaves something to be desired. As regards church music, we have a large and comprehensive stock to draw upon. It is only recently that the church music of the great Elizabethan composers has become available for general use. From earlier Victorian years we have had church composers who have written much that is worthy and sincere—Wesley, Stainer, and many others; and there are younger men who are anxious to improve upon the standard set by these. The tendency is undoubtedly in the direction of Anglo-Catholicism, with the greater opportunities that its services give both to creative and executive effort. In the composition of organ music we have not been equally effective, and the programmes of our leading recitalists still consist chiefly of examples of German and French composers.

Our larger cities—Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham—are centres of a vigorous musical life. Manchester has the Hallé Orchestra, unsurpassed by any in the country, a splendidly-equipped College of Music, and a superb organ in the Town Hall. Numbers of concerts are given by the finest musicians, and the musical public is both appreciative and critical. Hans Richter, the greatest conductor of his day, was content to live in Manchester for many years as conductor of the Hallé Orchestra, and other eminent musicians have settled there in spite of the unattractiveness of the great northern city.

Music in England does not depend so much upon aristocratic patronage as is the case in some foreign

countries. With the single exception of the Covent Garden Opera, English people go to hear music to enjoy it, not because it is the fashion to go. Few of us indeed are as unmusical as Lord Birkenhead, who openly boasted of his utter ignorance and dislike of music at a dinner given by a society of musical people!

There is one precious and unique national possession that the writer has purposely left until nearly the end—the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. No other country has anything of the kind; the words could not be satisfactorily translated into any other language, the music can only be thoroughly loved by English people. The public never seems to tire of them, and wherever and whenever they are given in a satisfactory manner they are sure of a full house. As yet they have had no successors, as they had no predecessors; they are original and inimitable. Some musicians, indeed, go so far as to claim that they are the only significant musical works produced in England since the beginning of the nineteenth century!

Lastly, we have a mass of old folk-music—songs and dances—which has been traditional, especially in the more remote country districts, for hundreds of years. This old music was commonly sung or danced to by English country-people in days before London set the fashion in every new thing and was easily accessible. For a long period these old tunes had gradually fallen into disuse, but thanks to the exertions of Mr. Cecil Sharp and others a great many of them have been preserved. The writer, when a boy, heard several of them sung in his native place by old country-people. They are generally in a minor key, and have an idiom as distinctive as that of Norwegian or Hungarian folk-music. The life and character of the old English countryside seems to be expressed in this quaint music, and it has a very real pull on the affections of those who come of long generations of country stock. When we produce a composer who thinks as naturally in the idiom of our folk-music as Grieg thought in that of his native Norway, we shall get some music which will be unmistakably and characteristically English.

The writer hopes that he has succeeded in proving that we *are* a musical people.

Old Adams and New

By Horace Shipp

The Old Adam, by Cicely Hamilton. (Kingsway Theatre.)
Juno and the Paycock, by Sean O'Casey. (Royalty Theatre.)
The Madras House, by H. Granville Barker. (Ambassadors Theatre.)

"WHAT can God do in face of the foolishness of men?" asks the incomparable Juno in the masterly play which is the Abbey Theatre's latest contribution to drama, and if any character in Miss Cicely Hamilton's play at the Kingsway had been given to metaphysics the conclusion might have been this same pessimistic one. Both pieces are fundamentally hopeless in their outlook, yet we had laughed loudly and long as we had watched them, perhaps in accordance with the old wives' saw of laughing to save ourselves from crying. It was in truth "very tragical mirth." Cicely Hamilton's play is a "Comedy" of nations at war, with science taking a hand in the game by the invention of a "negative ray" which stops all mechanical movement. This in the hands of one side means an immediate and bloodless victory, and the moment, in Act 2, when the responsible statesmen are gathered at their war office waiting for the stroke of midnight to use their ray, the sudden plunge into darkness of the scene, the recriminations on the hapless inventor, and the slow realization that the enemy also possess the same scientific trump, make good drama and exquisite comedy, especially as Miss Hamilton brings to bear her gifts of satire and caricature. It is in the third act that the joke turns upon us, for we find these two peoples at each other's throats with billhooks and cutlasses, with any weapon which can escape the paralysing influence of the ray; and much as we may laugh when Admiral Joe Bunting, erstwhile skipper of *The Skylark*, reports a fishing fleet naval encounter to the War Minister, Miss Hamilton takes care that we shall swallow her pessimistic conclusion, that the "Old Adam" in man loves fighting for its own sake, and embraces the misery and devastation of war on any terms.

Sean O'Casey, rich with the experience of his restless country, comes to a like conclusion. His fellow-countryman, W. Butler Yeats, told some of us the other evening of a new play from his pen wherein men and women are drinking, gambling, and drabbing in an inn parlour, whilst beyond the window an impassioned orator is preaching that terrible gospel that each generation can only be saved by bloodshed. That, Yeats said, was the essence of O'Casey's dramatic method, a method which sprang into being when O'Casey himself was wrongfully suspected of firing upon the troops and was dragged out to summary execution. In those moments when he faced death, before the miracle of his escape, the art of this writer-workman touched the well-springs of greatness. So he creates his rich surface humour, his unforgettable Irish types, the whole human comedy, and into this the tragedy of death and disaster, of hatred, bloodshed, and terror breaks again and again. But still the easy laughter, the cheap boasting, the little issues hold sway. "What can God do in face of the foolishness of men?"

The basic philosophy of despair in these plays is none the less real for being presented both by the dramatists and in the productions with all the lure of fine theatre art. The acting of the Irish players is supreme of its kind, and given such a wealth of material, as Mr. O'Casey is able to provide, people like Miss Sara Allgood, Miss Maire O'Neill, or Mr. Arthur Sinclair achieve perfection. But behind the thrill which fine art always brings, the pessimism remains, and those of us who tend to think of the theatre, not merely as art for art's sake, but as a reflection, and even a moulding force of the mentality of our time are inevitably brought face to face with the conclusions which these dramatists imply.

Is it true that the Old Adam is so potent in human destiny? Is it true that the old game of hatred and death must be played for the cleansing of each generation? Are we quite the slaves of these passions (and those even lower ones which Mr. O'Casey so skilfully depicts) as these pessimists would make us out to be?

It is here, unexpectedly enough, that Mr. Granville Barker contributes to the subject; unexpectedly, because *The Madras House* is about an entirely different matter.

It was sixteen years ago when Granville Barker first launched upon us his almost exhaustive discussion of the woman question, and during those sixteen years has arisen and triumphed the one woman he forgot to include. Even when we saw the play in the famous Duke of York's repertory season some of us missed the woman to whom sex, either starved or gratified, was not the be-all and end-all of existence, and we wondered a little with Philip Madras why the six Huxtable girls, "or, at least, five of them," did not find some useful outlet for their activities. Since that date the war and a few years of intensive emancipation have created some openings for the woman who desires or has to accept some function other than marriage, and whatever may be the economic and other consequences of this fact, the result so far as Mr. Granville Barker's play is concerned is to put it that much out of date. So, while we find it one of the very wittiest, most entertaining, brilliantly acted, and exquisitely produced, and while we agree that it deals with types which certainly exist, we are not now moved to the violent partisanship which its subject evoked in those remote days. The Woman Problem may still be a problem; then it looked like an impasse. The situation has changed because there has appeared in actual life the feminine counterpart to Philip Madras. Somewhere in the enormous dialogue of the piece that young man is described as having "intellectual passion." It is a saving phrase, and to my mind a very lifebuoy in the sea of pessimism into which these other dramatists have plunged us. Sean O'Casey and Cicely Hamilton have assumed that the Old Adam of the old passions and the old appetites for women, drink and physical strife is the moving factor in human affairs. Perhaps the difference between optimism and pessimism in our outlook upon those affairs depends upon whether we believe him to be the eternal factor, or whether we can hope for the ultimate dominance of that intellectual passion which had sublimated the other passions of Philip Madras. It is an interesting reflection that Mr. Granville Barker's play has dated because women like Miss Cicely Hamilton have stepped up alongside him upon an intellectual plane. This is not the place to discuss the degree of their success

there, but merely to draw the hopeful conclusion that mankind with its inclusive womankind will sometime in the near or distant future sublimate the passions of the instincts for those of the mind. So when Miss Hamilton succeeded so ably as a cynic in her last act she failed as a visionary. She proved, moreover, that the cynic and the sentimentalist are sisters under their skin, or if her final and effective curtain was really intended to be a last cynical thrust at the sentimentality of Old-Adamism her technique had obviously failed her for the impression left was that of the bishop blessing the cave-man triumphant.

Listening to the utterances of Philip Madras, echoing —one dares to think—Mr. Granville Barker's own conceptions, or following the icy puritanism of Don Juan in the Hell scene of *Man and Superman* (of which Mr. Esme Percy gave a sublime performance recently at the Regent Theatre), one realizes that this intellectual passion is the least sentimental and the most hopeful of the thought currents of to-day. Unless humanity is forever bound to the instincts which forbid evolution this may carry us on to where the New Adam will have achieved "the heroic that proved too hard."

Purists and æsthetes will be complaining that the path of drama and that of dramatic criticism should not take one thus afield into the discussion of these problems of human nature and human institutions. But I confess that the theatre, much as it entrances me as an art, concerns me most as what Matthew Arnold would call "a criticism of life." From a pure art point one would consider *The Madras House* as a triumph of production and a conclusive argument that Mr. Granville Barker should return to the London theatre as producer; one would see *Juno and the Paycock* as the apotheosis of acting, and the triumph of *ensemble* which these Irish players have achieved; one would discuss *The Old Adam* for its stage effectiveness. These things remain, but each of the plays is none the less art, or delightfully witty entertainment, that they happen to be reflecting upon problems of our common existence, and so add this serious worthiness to their function of amusement.

Wellington *

By Major-Genl. Sir George Aston, K.C.B.

EXAMPLE, as Burke held, is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other; and Admiral Mahan, after his study of the characters of great leaders, came to the conclusion that "honour is to glory what character is to reputation." Character and a sense of honour are the attributes of "the Duke," which are brought out most conspicuously in the latest study of his life by the historian of the British army. For the life of a great character in history to influence succeeding generations it is required of his biographers that they should make the man live again in their pages, and here Mr. Fortescue has been faced with a very formidable task. Shyness and self-repression, he tells us, were the keys of Wellington's character in youth. Throughout his life, or, at least, until his achievements had earned him world-wide fame, he did not for this reason impress strangers greatly at first sight. Nevertheless, in the author's opinion:

> He (Wellington) had actually an emotional nature, which he kept, owing to early training, under so stern a control as to forbid it any vent except upon very rare occasions.

We are therefore not surprised to learn that his personal staff have left no reminiscences of their personal relations with him, and this adds to our admiration of Mr. Fortescue's ripe scholarship and conscientious research work which has enabled him to cause his hero to live again, especially in the concluding chapter (pages 207–247), which is devoted to summarizing the work of a long and eventful life, and to deducing from it the salient features of Wellington's character and personality. An unswerving sense of duty, putting the public service before all considerations whatever, and great will-power to secure the mastery of self as a step towards the mastery of others, are qualities of Wellington's character which emerge conspicuously from this analysis.

If Mr. Fortescue is right about Wellington's character the emotional attribute seems to have been derived from his father, a great musician who "possessed unusual

* "Wellington." By the Hon. John Fortescue, LL.D., D.Litt Williams and Norgate, Ltd. 10s. 6d.

gifts in the most emotional of the arts," and the attributes of will-power and self-repression from his mother, "said to have been a cold and austere woman," who, "if she spoiled any of her children . . . certainly it was not Arthur." Of his childhood we know enough to be sure that it was not happy. Lady Mornington belonged to the class, now commonly called the "new poor," with family traditions of public service. Poverty was the cause of a decision which ultimately decided the career of the great soldier-statesman. When his father died his mother could not afford to keep him at Eton, so she took him to Brussels, where he was educated privately before joining a military academy in Belgium. His first five years (1787–1793) in the army were spent as aide-de-camp to Lords-Lieutenant in Ireland, changing his regiments no less than six times in that period, which was marked by poverty, debts, and inability for this reason to marry Lady Katherine Pakenham, to whom he became engaged. From 1790 onwards he was a member of the Irish Parliament. In April, 1793, his brother, Lord Mornington, secured for him a majority in the 33rd, of which regiment he obtained the command as a lieutenant-colonel in the following September, and yet we read that, in later life, "In the matter of purely military training Wellington evidently preferred regimental duty to any theoretical instruction in strategy or tactics." Throughout the book the same idea runs as a motive, and causes us to wonder whether Wellington, when enjoining regimental experience upon others, ever himself recalled the circumstances of family and political influence which placed him in command of a battalion after only about four months of regimental duty, preceded by five years in a staff appointment held, during part of the time, simultaneously with membership of parliament.

However that may be, we can now figure to ourselves the whole of Wellington's really military career, upon which he embarked as a battalion commander at the age of twenty-five, with his true nature sternly repressed, and his character sternly disciplined by treatment in early life followed by personal staff work "hardly congenial to a shy and sheepish young man," by poverty, and by disappointment in love. Upon that military

career it is impossible to give any detail in a review of a book which is a model of omission of non-essentials and inclusion of every feature of dominating importance. It suffices for our purpose to mention that Mr. Fortescue takes us with his hero to the Low Countries (1794), on an abortive expedition to the West Indies (1795), to India (1796–1803), where we are struck partly by Wellington's outstanding ability as a soldier, and partly by the good fortune which, under the conditions obtaining in those days, enabled the coincidence of brotherhood between the Governor-General (Lord Mornington) and the brilliant battalion commander to cause full use to be made of that ability. Here, and throughout the portion devoted to Wellington's military career, the author makes use of his unrivalled knowledge of the history of the British Army to interpose constant touches that enable us to realize the actual conditions with which it was Wellington's lot to deal. Then we come to his return to England (1805). His military services in that year; his work as Chief Secretary for Ireland (1807). His first campaign in Portugal (1808), and undeserved blame for the Convention of Cintra (1808); his great achievements in the Peninsula (1809–1814), followed by diplomatic work. Then (1815) Waterloo, the culminating point in his career as a soldier, and (to 1818) as peacemaker.

With the period (1818–1852) of Wellington's career as a statesman, Mr. Fortescue deals but briefly. It is evidently less near to his own heart to deal with politicians, whom as a class he does not admire (especially if they were Whigs) than to deal with soldiers, and so he takes us to Wellington's last years as "a rather lonely figure, though not for that reason forbidding. Children adored him; his servants were devoted to him." And "Not for a moment did his sense of duty fail to the last. There is something very pathetic about the bent, shrunken figure of the old man, striving until death to be himself, to depend upon himself, to do everything for himself."

And so we leave this fascinating study, with the comments that it should be read by all of British race, and that its value to historians as a book of reference is sadly marred by the lack of an index.

Ladislas Reymont—Peasant and Writer

(Died in Warsaw, December 5, 1925.)

By Edith M. Almedingen

THE story of Ladislas Reymont echoes the awakening of a new free Poland, for he was the first of her great writers to see her freedom break into a reality.

The very happenings of his own life are as varied and stirring as the destiny of his country. Born in 1868, in a wretchedly poor peasant family, Reymont never completed what education his village could give him. He was expelled from school for "political reasons," for the boy had a patriot's heart, and this spelt dangerous things in the Russian Poland of half a century ago.

Thus, Reymont left his home and wandered away in search of what career "God might send him." First, he joined a vagabond group of third-rate provincial actors and tried his luck with them, but, fortunately for Poland's literature, Reymont proved a very poor actor indeed, and his colleagues got rid of him.

Then followed numberless other ventures, and, finally, the youth became a minor official at a poor railway station—his salary being the handsome sum of £1 per month. The work was anything but congenial to Reymont's ever restless nature, yet it afforded him many leisured hours, and these he prized greatly.

Soon manuscripts, mostly penned in the noisy and ill-lit waiting-room, began to reach the editors in Warsaw. The stories, scrawled on impossible paper, were hard to decipher, but "there was something in them." And thus fortunate was Reymont in his timid literary beginnings that within a short while he was asked "to come to Warsaw and try his luck." The station-master may have uttered a dark prophecy or two, for the railway post, if badly paid, was secure, but Reymont, determined to burn his boats once again, went with a joyous heart.

Those Warsaw editors never suspected a genius in him, but they felt sure of his talent, and, above all, the even then extraordinary haunting music of his language gave no uncertain promise of bigger things.

In Warsaw, young Reymont had many chances flung at him, and some hidden wisdom prompted him to use

them aright. A paper sent him down to report a pilgrimage to one of the Polish national sanctuaries. He went, but, instead of a dry, matter-of-fact report, brought back an exquisite mystical "novella." This meant a real stepping-stone, for the Slavs are ever ready to respond to mysticism.

From that time on, Reymont began to write in earnest. Not that he ever had to learn writing. This came to him with as easy a grace as songs come to a poet's lips. But, in the first years, Reymont's horizons were narrow and his knowledge of life, for all his experiences, pitifully small. Until his very death he never tired of learning new things. He had the rare gift of finding apt words for everything, and his art of interpreting the least details into a most vivid language resembles the craft of Conrad.

Reymont's first novel ("The Comediant," which has appeared in an English translation) dealt with the vagabond theatre-life, much as he had known it in his earlier days. The plot is one of the commonest, centred around the sordid mishaps of a betrayed girl-actress, but Reymont, probably by sheer beauty of his style, succeeded in breathing fresh life into it, and the book was widely read.

Another venture of Reymont's brought him face to face with the industrial crisis of Poland.

There is a queer town in that country, named Lodz, often referred to as "the Manchester of Poland," a seething centre of very raw industrialism and . . . of profiteering in the post-war days. Reymont went down there, lived in a dingy, sunless street for quite a lengthy spell, and gathered a mine of material, which went to the making of his book, "The Promised Land." But, for all its vivid and powerful accuracy, the novel was no success. Reymont's vocation, as a writer, lay "outside the city walls."

Ever restless, always athirst for constant wanderings, Reymont travelled well-nigh all over the world. Everywhere would he carry his love for studying life, so that we never strike false notes in his descriptions. Some of his books have scenes laid down in Paris and London, Italy and Spain, and, finally, America.

But though great and abiding success came to him thus early, Reymont's real life-purpose was fulfilled only with his epic, "The Peasants," first published in 1904.

Technically, the work is gigantic. Reymont spent twelve years on it, and it remains more or less fragmentary at that. Also it would be far more correct to say that the whole span of his life was taken up with it. For if he had written nothing else, and died, leaving just "The Peasants" behind him, his greatness would in no wise be lessened.

The book, in itself, lends to very little definite analysis. There is no real story in it, so far as we usually understand the term. It is divided into four parts, symbolic of peasants' labours, *Winter* and *Spring*, *Summer* and *Autumn*. The actual hero is the village—poor little village of Lipce—lost in the forest heart of Poland.

There are tempests in the book, unexpected and fierce, reminding us somewhat of the Nibelungen song, and again it speaks of tenderness, like a Shakespeare sonnet, and of simple, healthy merriment, such as we read about in medieval ballads. And the keynote is the ever haunting, mystical call of the soil, "which alone makes a peasant live."

There is an intensely human drama, too. We have the young stormy Antek Boryna, and Yagna, the beautiful, the wild. . . Their love is primitive, tumultuous, and darkened by Antek's hatred of his father, the old Boryna, who himself aspires to marry Yagna one day. And she is so restless and "dreams of unknowable sorrows," and, though "she knows no sin," she is equally unaware of virtue, and "burns to ashes the hearts of her neighbours." At last, the women of the village rebel at her conquering beauty, and Yagna is publicly condemned and ostracized.

And there is old Boryna, Antek's father, a true peasant if ever there lived one. Even, when dying, "he staggers out into the fields to scatter his very last seeds."

Behind all these loves and hatreds lies the strong, silent brown soil of Poland—their mother and nurse and faithful lover—all in one. The peasants are thus closely united to it that it is to "its ever listening ear" they pour out the things which matter most in their lives. For "the dear mother-soil alone can understand and heal," and when they kiss its damp brown face there is real passion in their kisses.

Reymont's genius called "this motherliness of the soil" into real life, clothing it in the haunting beauty of his language. Therein lies his one great gift to Poland, for she is essentially a land of soil and of peasantry, and what coming greatness may yet be hers will be built by the rough labour-loving hands of her villagers.

"The Peasants" won Reymont the honour of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1924.

"The Peasants" was followed by a very short interval of "rest," and soon after Reymont began working out another great plan of his. This time it was to take the shape of an historical trilogy; but again Reymont chose the moment in Poland's history when the peasant mutineers were victorious over the Russian troops (in 1794). It was just one grand gesture; one tantalizing glimpse of victory, before the final defeat, when Poland was rent asunder and divided amongst Russia, Austria, and Prussia. But the rebellion had its glory, and Reymont succeeded in laying stress on the peasants' share in it. And in the second volume of the trilogy—"Nil Desperandum"—it is again peasants and village life in the eighteenth century which are depicted in most vivid colours. They are the real ancestors of those men and women whom we meet in "The Peasants."

The war gave Reymont the final fragment of "The Peasants," although it is still published separately ("Behind the Trenches," Warsaw, 1919). Old Michael Koziol is working in his field in spite of the machine-guns at no great distance. He just shouts to his son, "Ben, let them shoot! What does it matter?" A second later, he staggers, mutters a few broken words, and "falls down, his face against the moist earth." Thus he remains immobile, "just as though pressed to the bosom of his mother," and the son goes on working in silence for a few minutes.

The war, and the subsequent troubles of his country, must have greatly sapped Reymont's strength. He seemed to be working with lesser force and vitality, and when the last illness came he was unable to fight.

But as he lay dying in Warsaw, he gave utterance to a wish which in itself was an adequate ending to his life: "I want to be buried under Polish soil."

A Great American*

By Albert Kinross

It is less easy for an American to achieve what is called "greatness" than it used to be, for, in our modern democracies, where everybody is "great," it becomes more and more difficult to arrive at outstanding greatness, and the weights and measures by which such things are appraised have mostly gone astray and are now replaced by *réclame* and publicity. Sargent, another American of the foremost rank, achieved greatness by the simple expedient of living in Europe, where great men are still welcomed and recognized. So did Whistler; so did Henry James; and it is a matter of lasting and everlasting regret that Edgar Allan Poe did not cross the Atlantic, to remain here in permanence, doubtless to the great relief of the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen.

These, and similar reflections, come to one after closing the third volume of Page's "Life and Letters," for Page was primarily an artist, with all an artist's clarity and integrity. Unlike Wilson, Lansing, Bryan, and the other politicians, with whom he did battle in our midst, he was sincere, as every great artist should be and must be, seeing that the first and last ingredient of supreme writing or painting or thinking is sincerity.

Page writes so well, indeed, that, as pure literature, his letters are about the best thing that has come out of America since Emerson paid us his two memorable visits. And with Walter Page one must associate Mr. Burton J. Hendrick, whose running commentary is worthy of the letters which it has been his privilege to edit. Where so much writing of this nature is slipshod and hasty and ill-informed, Mr. Hendrick, always self-effacing, is the perfect guide, the loyal friend, the model historian. One must link him in perpetuity with his great subject.

Now this great subject is first and foremost what we call "the war," and Page (like many another of us) was but a part of it. Without the war there would have been

* "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page." By Burton J. Hendrick. Vol. III. Containing the Letters to Woodrow Wilson. Heinemann. 21s.

neither Page nor Hendrick, just as without the war there would have been neither Foch nor Hindenburg. The war unmasked great men, just as it unmasked its Wilsons and ts Wilhelms, and Page had the heroic fortune to be one of these. Both Wilson and he fell on the same battle-field; I leave it to my American friends to define the circumstances.

The Page we meet again here is the same Walter Page who won our affection and respect in Mr. Hendrick's first two volumes. We like him so well that, occasionally, we feel inclined to quarrel with him; indeed, he creates so intimate an atmosphere and grows so endeared to us that the English reader, forgetting decorum and the formalities which surround a great ambassador, is often inclined to say: "That's where you go wrong, Walter," or, "Aren't you a bit cranky about America?"

We over here love and honour Walter Page for the fineness of his constancy to his native land. Betrayed and "let down" by the politicians, his faith in his adored country never wavers; while to us in England he has revealed the noble figure of Lord Grey, so obviously his hero, the courage and endurance of our people, so far unmatched by any party to this quarrel, except the German, the common sense and solidity of our ruling house, the ability and firmness of the men who shaped our destinies in those great years. Page was proud to be of the same race, the same kind as these.

A civilian, and, like most Americans, a man of peace, he fails in his diagnosis of the soldier. To him Kitchener is "amazing." His directness and "cheek" astonish Page: "That man," he writes, "has a way of going after what he wants that takes your breath away." Kitchener had just made a bid for the one hundred-odd thousand rifles appertaining to the American Army that were standing idle across the Atlantic. Of course, Kitchener wanted them and asked for them; yet Walter Page seems surprised to meet what his fellow-countrymen call a "go-getter" on this side of the water. Again, the ambassador wants Kitchener to press for conscription. With three million volunteers and a bare equipment for as many hundred thousand, where would be the use? In his own business, as revealed in his "Confessions of a

Publisher," Page was realist enough, but in this other and profounder business of war he is out of his depth.

His impatience with the "slowness" of the English has, to one reader, an ironic touch. From the representative of a people which took three years to rub the dust out of its eyes, and in the fourth year was unable to provide its army with a single aeroplane that could fly, the word "slowness" produces a slightly comic effect. Of course, to the impatient onlooker, everybody was "slow"; but the English were surer than most, as Page, when the mood of depression passes, is the first to admit.

These volumes are history as well as biography and autobiography, and beyond these claims they make articulate that large body of American opinion which barely represented in politics and in journalism to-day, must sooner or later take command if the United States is ever to realize the hopes and ideals of her pioneers and founders.

Books

BIOGRAPHY

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE: A DUO-BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH. By D. C. SOMERVELL. Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.

IN his "Studies in Statesmanship," which appeared two years ago, Mr. D. C. Somervell revealed high qualities, both of criticism and exposition. The last of the nine subjects therein discussed was Gladstone, and a subdivision of this study was headed: "Gladstone and Disraeli." This is now expanded into a duo-biography covering the whole career of both statesmen, treated on parallel lines.

It must be at once stated that this book will not appeal to the party man, be he Liberal or Conservative, being written from an eminently detached standpoint, and that, as a work of reflection rather than of research (as the author puts it), it is not, strictly speaking, a contribution to biography. But as a piquant commentary on nineteenth-century history, and a shrewd contrasting of personalities, it is well worth reading, even by those whose views it may challenge. There is no villain in the piece; and at the conclusion of his vivacious introduction, the writer even confesses to "a genuine admiration, in fact a kind of affection, for both his heroes." This attitude indicates a catholicity of sympathy which many may envy, but few can hope to emulate.

Chastening his addiction to humour in his chapter-headings, though not in his text, Mr. Somervell calls the first of his five chronological chapters, taking us to the year 1838, "Beginnings," instead of "Wild

Oats and Tame Oats." The latter description would certainly fit very well the contrast between the young Dizzy's early flirtings with finance and hesitations between Toryism and Radicalism, and the decorous entrance upon public life of the Duke of Newcastle's protégé, Macaulay's "rising hope of the stern unbending Tories." Whilst Disraeli was writing his early novels, flaunting flamboyant waistcoats, and indulging in travel jaunts, his future rival was getting a useful start in Parliamentary routine and composing solemn treatises on the relation of Church and State. With regard to these last, Mr. Somervell notes their author's subsequent satisfaction at having been delivered by circumstances from political ecclesiasticism "of which I should have made at that time a sad mess," adding, in reference to the former: "perhaps novels and revolutionary epics are a better employment for the pen" of youth. But he says a good word for young Dizzy's "Vindication of the English Constitution," reckoning it a pamphlet still worth reading.

In the second chapter, "In the Days of Peel," we find Disraeli disappointed of office, being first a candid critic, and then a virulent opponent of his nominal leader, whilst Gladstone becomes Sir Robert's zealous henchman and pupil. This, however, is the period of the former's best novels, "Coningsby" and "Sybil," and of the foreshadowing of Tory democracy in young England; and though Gladstone at this time is a hardworking Tory Minister, laying the foundations of his future expertness in finances, our author gives us occasional glimpses of him in another light, as when, in 1840, he denounces Palmerston's hoisting of the British flag "to protect an infamous contraband traffic" (opium), and puzzles Cobden by the nebulosity of his speech on the Maynooth grant. Disraeli's denial of having asked Peel for office is bluntly characterized by Mr. Somervell as "a bad lie," dictated by cowardice, though "not the lie of a confirmed liar," rather "the blunder of one who was fundamentally an honourable man."

"Manœuvring for Position" would certainly have been an apt title for the third section of the book, which deals with the long period when parties were in a state of flux, and Palmerston was the predominating figure. Disraeli, with the help of Manners and a few others, was gradually overcoming aristocratic exclusiveness and suspicion, but was condemned to be thrice member of a Ministry in a minority, whilst Gladstone, after long waverings, finally throws in his lot with the Whig-Liberals, apparently waiting for Palmerston's or Russell's shoes. The Crimean crisis is declared to have been a serious set-back for both statesmen, and Derby's refusal to take office on the break-up of the Aberdeen coalition is judged as the worst check in Disraeli's career. But the Rupert of debate may have been right in thinking Disraeli's hold on the House of Commons to have been as yet unequal to Palmerston's, though, as the author thinks, it may have been that his heart then, as always, was more at Newmarket than at Westminster.

During a great part of these years the two future rivals were in no real antagonism, as far as principles were concerned, and both were more or less opposed to the Whig foreign policy. Approaches to union were even made, "but they all came from Disraeli, and were all rejected by Gladstone." The former's motives are judged to have been

a single-minded devotion to his party, which he thought likely to be strengthened by Gladstone's Parliamentary talents. Gladstone's position, Mr. Somervell finds harder to elucidate; his conclusion that "he did not clearly know his own mind" is more than plausible in view of what we now know of Gladstonian psychology. There is, moreover, great shrewdness in the suggestion that instinctive antipathy towards the opponent of Peel and inability to appreciate Dizzy's sense of humour may have largely influenced Gladstone's refusal to rejoin his old party. But his sudden adhesion to Palmerston remains a hard nut for political historians to crack.

The period from 1868 to 1880 was that of the real struggle between the subjects of the duo-biography. On the Irish Church question they were not divided in principle; and Gladstone, it is remarked, accepted rather than initiated Liberal policy in the matter of education and the ballot. Mr. Somervell makes what to the present writer appears to be a more than plausible defence of the foreign policy of his first Ministry, and even makes some case for that of his second, except in the case of the surrender to the Boers. Lord Salisbury admitted that England, under Disraeli, had put her money on the wrong horse in the Eastern question, and many sober Conservatives distrusted the "forward policy" in India. But it is admitted that Beaconsfield was entirely successful in barring the road to Bismarck's European policy, and that he saw farther ahead than his rival in the matter of the coming conflict between capital and labour. Even the late Kaiser is recorded as giving boyish applause to the purchase of the Suez Canal shares.

During all but a year of the last section of the work (1880–1898) Gladstone is the sole subject; but Dizzy's last novel, "Endymion," comes into it, as well as the unfinished fragment containing the satirical sketch of his rival as Joseph Toplady Falconer. This part of the book is remarkable for the bold defence of Gladstone's conduct in the Gordon episode, and his seemingly sudden change of front on the Irish question. Gladstone admitted his mistake in consenting to the appointment of the recalcitrant soldier, but nothing further. As to the Home Rule crisis, a study of the recently-published "Life of Lord Carnarvon" shows that neither of the great parties stood on firm ground in the crucial year 1885. Mr. Somervell aptly sums up the last period of conflict between his two subjects as "Imperialism *versus* Internationalism," both of which embodied elements of value: the political ethic of the one protagonist was expediency, of the other morality.

G. LE GRYS NORGATE.

BIOGRAPHY FOR BEGINNERS. By E. C. BENTLEY; pictured by G. K. CHESTERTON. T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.

A VERY welcome republication which one remembers chuckling over on its first appearance a good many years ago. Mr. Bentley emerges now from semi-anonymity and writes a preface in mock-serious verse, good in its way as the priceless index with its allusions to Sir Christopher Wren. We hail Mr. Bentley as the discoverer of levity in brevity, and G. K. as a considerable artist; his cartoons have a splendour of audacity which defies technique but gets intensity of meaning. Some of the

versicles are historical which were formerly contemporary, but they keep their fun. There is wit as well as good humour in these compressed biographies "about chaps." Anybody might have done something of the sort had they thought of the idea, but, fortunately, the execution fell into the hands of masters of quiet fun and chuckles.

ESSAYS ON GENERAL LITERATURE

THE FOLLOWERS OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By LAURENCE BINYON. Halton and Truscott Smith. £2 2s.

IT remains a moot point whether the author has proved any pronounced and lasting Blake influence upon Edward Calvert, George Richmond, Samuel Palmer and others which would justify the use of the term "Followers." But he has written a very delightful and informative, if brief, monograph on the little circle which brings them clearly before us, enabling us to review their individual achievements and incidentally throwing fascinating sidelights upon Blake himself. Further than this, the book is of value for its wealth of illustrations in monochrome and colour, of which there are nearly a hundred. Whether these severally support Mr. Binyon's theory by likeness to Blake's work, or disprove it by marked individuality, collectively they form a fine album of the work of this group of painters who should be better known.

FICTION

SIBERIAN AND OTHER FOLK TALES. By FILLINGHAM COXWELL. The C. W. Daniel Company. 42s. net.

THIS monumental collection of Folk Tales takes in most, if not all, the primitive races of Northern Europe and Asia, from the Behring Straits to Lapland, from the Samoyedes to the Kirghiz. Nearly three hundred tales, many of them the traditional lore of savage and semi-savage races, are here collected and divided into ethnic groupings. To the student of primitive customs, religious myths, such a collection is of great interest, whilst the author's notes and his scholarly introduction add greatly to the work's scientific value; but to the plain man the leading interest in these rudimentary imaginings is the fact that all literature has emerged from such strange beginnings, and that the rude forefather had invented practically all the variants of romance, every fundamental plot of realistic and fairy story, comic, tragic, cunning, diabolical and mystical, long before civilization added symmetry and artistic beauty and named the thing literature. The Greek epic and the nursery marvel alike had their birth under the light of the aurora borealis; and nothing brings home to us the sense of timeless ancestry more intimately than the race memories evoked by these figments of chaos and old night. Romantic love is, however, unknown, or only dimly seen in very few of these old stories: this is our modern embroidery —speaking in geological epochs. Everything else, perhaps even this thing, was rough hewn for us in the ancestral cave or amongst the dark roots of our family tree, and it is both instructive and amusing to see the great qualities of rudimentary art thus admirably displayed for our learning, thus conveniently ticketed, grouped, and explained in a museum of literary beginnings to visit again and again.

BOOKS

No More Parades. By F. M. Ford (Ford Madox Hueffer). Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

In "Some Do Not," Sylvia Tietjens gave her husband an extremely bad time in England. In this book she gives him a worse in France. We are promised two more novels about this big, efficient, huge-hearted walking encyclopædia of a Yorkshire Tory; and in the end, we are told, he will have somewhat changed his outlook. He will have had cause to!

Sylvia, having driven Tietjens (who will on principle not divorce her) into the arms, at least figuratively, of another girl, finds herself in the position, to put it melodramatically, of the woman scorned. And, as has been prophesied of her, she is prepared to tear the world down to get her husband back. As part of the procedure, she follows, in this book, her husband to the seething muddle of a B.E.F. Base Camp in France in the winter of 1917–18. She finds him immersed in the sordid worry of the war-game of getting men up the line. . . . And rather than to her, he attends by preference to identity discs and foot inspections! She wants him badly. And yet she causes all the pain of which her devilish beauty is capable. Does she love him then? But it is all too subtle for a plain answer. She loves and hates him. She sees his inscrutable face, and wants to make him wince, oh! make him wince! She wants in fact the attention Beauty deserves. . . .

She succeeds in making him wince, very extensively; and also finally in causing him to be sent up the line—ready for book number three.

Hueffer, in his avowed intention to make by his writings war less possible, knows that mere descriptions of horrors, however graphic, cannot effect their full realization in his readers. Instead, he stresses rightly modern war's ghastly muddle and worry, its courage-sapping slowness, above all its aspect essentially unheroic.

"No More Parades," like its predecessor, needs, as well as merits, undivided attention. It is a book in which you are always wanting to read back in order to get the full flavour and full worth of a passage—than which I can think of no greater compliment.

The History of Tom Jones. By Henry Fielding (Illustrated). George Harrap & Co. 25s. net.

"The first English novel and the best." Johnson preferred Richardson—the less Johnson he!—and for once we agree with Boswell in his disclaimer. Mr. Harrap has turned out an edition—limited to 1,000 copies for England—which should readily be absorbed, for it is a fine piece of book-making—neat binding, good paper, style, and sound workmanship—a book to delight the book lover who puts decent utility before morocco, calf, and tooling. Unencumbered by notes, this edition carries merely as appendix the brief notes Coleridge wrote in his own copy. There are sixteen full-page pictures in colour by Mr. Rowland Wheelwright, good enough in their way, the way of a polite water-colourist, but it would need a Hogarth, a Rowlandson, and a Gainsborough to satisfy the eighteenth-century enthusiast. Still we have nothing but praise for this entirely worthy production from a modern Press; it is a sound and satisfactory job which all concerned have made of it.

Tom Jones needs no advertisement to-day to readers—real readers—and surely there are a thousand of these left in a world which is accustomed to compressed emotions and shuns expatiation. Fielding was within four years of his early death when he wrote this, his swan song, and all the benevolent philosophy, tender humour, and ornate scholarship of his maturity went to the fashioning of Tom Jones, Sofia, Allworthy, Squire Western, little Partridge, Lady Bellaston, and his host of minor characters. Tom, whose ardent nature and good looks made him frail amidst continual temptations, is the very antithesis of a libertine. No selfishness or vanity marred his spirit or hardened his good heart, therefore we applaud and love the chaste Sofia who forgave and loved him at his worst for the best that was always in him. Fielding is the ancestor of much that is best in letters—a tolerant humanity, not too tolerant to scorn hypocrisy. Thackeray, although of sterner morality as became his day, derived immensely from Harry Fielding, and one finds in the cynical tenderness of the great Anatole himself, much that the gallant Bow Street magistrate brought into the field of literature—tolerance, tenderness and gaiety of commentary—a mock heroic, which laughs at itself whilst laughing at the world, an inflexible generosity, a courageous individuality, and satire devoid of meanness. Johnson, comparing Richardson and Fielding, said that "there was as great a difference between them as between a man who knew how a watch was made and a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial plate," e.g. a printer and a Bow Street magistrate! Only, for once, the great Samuel backed the wrong horse.

THE DEVIL THAT SLUMBERS. By H. WARNER ALLEN. John Hamilton. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a detective story with a difference, told in an even tone, therefore convincing in its manner and involving the reader in what is apparently a plot of social betterment by the dictatorship of a secret power. Things begin to happen, theft, extortion by threat, murder publicly announced, and something like subsidized revolution on a small scale; whilst the secret society, which notifies not only the victims but the Press, remains an unsolved riddle quite to the end of the story; indeed, the famous French detective is so torn between his duty and his desire to preserve a quite innocent man whom he suspects, that he ceases to function. There is, however, a delightful journalist, an English correspondent in Paris whom everybody confides in, who, by a process of elimination (having narrowly avoided being eliminated himself) hits the right nail on the head and ends the story with a scene of tremendous intensity. A good plot from the hardened reader's point of view and a well made, well told story, which those who as a rule avoid shockers will find worth while.

GOD AND TONY HEWITT. By ALBERT KINROSS. Holden. 7s. 6d. net.

THE war silenced many minds. From others it struck new fires, making of Sassoon a fine lyric poet, causing Frankau's usual "not wisely but too much" to achieve excellence in "Peter Jackson"—type of a kind

of literature, perhaps best called creative autobiography, produced by the world-cataclysm. Of this type is "God and Tony Hewitt," in which Albert Kinross, after "perils of water and perils on land," wearisome fighting in Salonica, blood and agony at Mons, states with simple directness that God's in His heaven still, and drags up from the hectic revelries and harlotries of Salonica the same message as Francis Thompson's. "Out of the sweat and burden of despair," he says, "bloomed sudden unhoped Aprils." The greatest miracle of the war is that anyone emerged with his spirit intact. To write so delicately of Nature—as in his descriptions of Deerhurst, with its waiting winter trees; to speak of the stars as "afire, yet icy; passionate and cold in one," would be beautiful in a woman; but in the work of one who has waded in blood, such things are arresting. One does not expect lilies on the scarred brows of Vikings. The philosophy of the book has authority, as coming from one brave in living. We listen to brave men. Their judgments have a righteousness, the keenness of tried steel. So one feels that the merciless picture of Connie here drawn was deserved, and some of us women must add, in the matter of her selfish aloofness in the war, *mea culpa*. This is, so far, the author's best book. Its essence is in the sentence, "They, too, had faced the last adventure . . . without which life is meaningless and empty of consecration." One sees why it is dedicated to three who have so adventured. "Whom God abandoned, these defended," and if we attain world peace we shall owe it to such "very perfect, gentle knights" as these.

MARY WEBB.

POETRY

A POET'S ALPHABET. By W. H. DAVIES. Jonathan Cape. 3s. 6d.

THIS is a delightful volume wherein the alphabet has inspired its twenty-six typical Davies' poems. Rather, I suspect, have they come into being from diverse sources—things of earth and air and water, human passions, human fancies, and those experiences which the poet in him has always noted and so faithfully recorded—and the key idea in them has been fitted to the letter of its name. So they stand, a lyric group brought into sequence by the alphabet titles and the exquisite and understanding decorations to each poem by Dora M. Batty. The absolute simplicity of the language and the economy of effort is the true substance of poetry.

NURSERY VERSERIES AND DRAWINGS. By EMILE JACOT. Noel Douglas. 2s. 6d.

THESE neat little jingles with their neatly-framed outline drawings have the quality of quaintness to such a degree as to charm by their curious novelty. Some of the verses have the true nursery spirit of statement, and others almost verge upon poetry, but there is enough catchiness in all of them to interest and linger; whilst the drawings, after the surprise of their novelty has worn off, will probably suggest a splendid chance for the paint-box—quite a pleasing novelty.

The Centenary of Paul Kruger

By Alfred MacCullough

(On Page 139)

Empire Notes

A Disappointing Record

More than twelve months have elapsed since the present Government took office pledged to carry out an active programme of Empire development, but so far the record of fulfilment is meagre in the extreme, and the constant postponement of action is causing uneasiness among a large section of their supporters at home and much disappointment oversea. It will be recalled that Mr. Baldwin, when he decided that some of the preference proposals of the Imperial Economic Conference of two years ago would involve taxation of food in contravention of pledges given during the election campaign, promised to set aside £1,000,000 to be devoted to stimulating the sale of Empire produce in this country, and the Imperial Economic Committee was subsequently asked to report as to how this money could best be used. The Government has been in possession of that report for some months, yet nothing has been done to implement the promise made when several of the proposed new preferences were thrown overboard. Then there is the case of the £10,000,000 East African Development loan project. It has been officially stated that the Government has adopted the recommendations of the East African Commission on this subject, and it was generally hoped that

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Parliamentary sanction would have been obtained in the course of the autumn session. This matter has also been postponed, and unless strong pressure is brought to bear there is reason to fear that nothing will be done until after the next Budget has been introduced. However much they may appreciate the difficulties of the task that Mr. Churchill has been set in having to provide for the heavy additional expenditure resulting from the coal subsidy, all who are convinced of the imperative need of adequate action to develop British trade cannot fail to view with deep misgiving the apparent readiness to postpone dealing with such matters. Even if the sanction of Parliament had been obtained for the flotation of the East African loans and for the guarantees required in connection with the Zambezi bridge, little or no expenditure would have been required in the current financial year. As it is, unless approval is obtained at the beginning of the new session, much of the next dry season on the Zambezi will be wasted. The unemployment figures in the iron and steel industry alone afford convincing justification for immediate action in regard to this bridge

and the development undertakings included in the £10,000,000 loan proposal, but this aspect of the matter is merely the short view, and when the advantages to British trade that must accrue from an accelerated development of our East African territories are taken into consideration the case becomes overwhelming. We hope that the second year of the Government's life will prove much more fruitful of real achievement in the sphere of Empire development than that which has just closed, but if this hope is to be realized it will be necessary for members interested in these matters to maintain unceasing pressure to prevent the continued side-tracking of the subject as the result of excessive preoccupation with home and foreign affairs, or of personal antagonisms in the Cabinet.

The Canadian Deadlock

THE Canadian Parliament meets on January 7 and exceptional interest will be taken in its early proceedings in view of the confused position resulting from the recent general election. It is still doubtful whether Mr. Mackenzie King will receive sufficient support from the Progressives to enable the Liberal administration to maintain itself in office. Great efforts are being made by the Conservatives to remove the belief, so strongly rooted in Quebec, that a vote for that party means a vote for Canadian participation in a new war, which many of the *habitants* are persuaded is imminent, and for a repetition of conscription. Whether these efforts will be successful in the short interval that is likely to elapse before another appeal to the electorate—assuming that Mr. Meighen is asked to form a Government following a defeat of the King administration on a vote of no confidence—remains to be seen, but unless the Conservatives can triple the number of seats they now hold in the French Province their prospects of securing a working majority over all other parties as the result of a fresh general election are not regarded as brilliant.

Danger Signals in South Africa

THERE is much anxiety in the Union of South Africa in regard to the native policy of the Government. The proposal to withdraw the franchise held by existing native voters in the Cape Province and to substitute a uniform system throughout the Union, by which a number of European members are to be elected by the natives to

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represent them in Parliament, will be strongly opposed in the Cape, and there is considerable resentment on the part of the pure-blooded Bantus at the preferment shown to mixed breeds in the proposal to extend the franchise now enjoyed by coloured voters in the Cape alone to their brethren in other parts of the country. The idea of establishing a native council, which would eventually develop into something in the nature of a native Parliament, is less open to criticism, but great difficulties will be experienced in fulfilling the promise given as far back as 1913 to provide more land for native cultivation. The native view appears to be that if segregation is to be the definite policy of the Union the native areas should be withdrawn from the authority of the Pretoria Government and placed directly under the High Commissioner, as in the case of Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland. The statements that have appeared in the Press recently, to the effect that Swaziland might be handed over by the Imperial Govern-

ment to the Union at an early date do not seem to have much solid foundation, and it would be difficult to justify such a transfer in view of the opposition of the natives to the policy of the present Union Government. On other grounds there is much to be said in favour of incorporating Swaziland in the Union, but as matters stand the task of giving a decision, with which the Colonial Secretary will sooner or later be faced, is by no means enviable.

Arming the Burghers

ANOTHER disquieting symptom is revealed by the demands of the Nationalists for the abolition of the Active Citizen Force, the revival of the old commando system under a commandant-general, and the issue of rifles to burghers at half the cost price. This is regarded by many as an insidious attempt on the part of the Nationalists to secure permanent control of the armed forces of the Union, and although Colonel Cresswell, the Labour Minister of Defence, has endeavoured to resist the pressure brought to bear on him from the Nationalist side of the Government's supporters —who are much more numerous than the Labour wing— on the ground of expense, he may be compelled to give way in order to avoid a further widening of the breach between the two sections of the Coalition. Developments in this direction will bear watching. Seeds of trouble of a different nature are contained in utterances by Mr. Tielman Roos, Minister of Justice, regarding the necessity for progressively adding to the taxation imposed on Asiatics and even for compulsory repatriation. The cauldron of racial antagonism, as between various sections of the white population and between the latter and the natives and Asiatics, appears to be coming perilously near to boiling over in South Africa, and any liquid that may be spilt is likely to do damage far beyond the immediate scene of the disturbance. There is still time to damp down the fire before a serious crisis occurs, but the task will demand the exercise of statesmanship of a high order and a much fuller realization of the perils ahead than the majority of the white voters of the Union have yet displayed. The plain fact is that the white man in South Africa is alarmed about the future, and fear seldom engenders a reasonable frame of mind.

Motoring in the Cape Province

By A. M. Adams

It is midsummer in South Africa now, and to the motorist who has come to this sunny land to escape the fogs of the homeland the long rainless days offer splendid opportunities for visiting the beauty spots of the Cape Province.

A delightful coastal trip can be made through the Wilderness, Knysna, and George, in a district which is full of romantic beauty. Making George, just over thirty miles from Mossel Bay, his starting point, the motorist will be charmed with the delightful situation of this old-world town which, although not large, has very wide streets, the paths being shaded with magnificent

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oak trees, giving welcome relief during the noonday heat, while the trickle of the streams, which border the streets, adds a refreshing sensation of coolness. The famed Outeniqua Mountains appear to overshadow the town at their base.

On the way from George to the Wilderness and Knysna the road passes through country of varied scenic beauty. Rivers, lakes, and waterfalls combine to make this part of the Cape Province a perfect wilderness of loveliness, with mountains and forest forming a glorious background. The Wilderness is being rapidly developed as a holiday resort, as it is only about fourteen miles from George, and excellent surf bathing can be had; to the sportsman with rod or gun the rivers and lakes yield fine sport. Those who have motored through Scotland will remark that the water in the rivers (there are about ten to be crossed on the way to Knysna) is of the same reddish tinge as in the burns in Scotland.

The journey from George to Knysna is only about fifty-three miles, but many detours may be made through a region of luxuriant foliage with bright plumaged birds flitting amongst the wooded slopes of the rivers. The traveller who waits for nightfall may be rewarded by one of the most magnificent sunsets which even South Africa can present. From Millwood, which is just over fifty miles from George, the view over the surrounding country (with the coastline of Mossel Bay in the distance, and forest and river illumined by the rays of the setting sun) is one of the most superb in the Cape Province.

Passing on towards Knysna, the motorist, as he wends his way to the summit of the Phantom Pass, will linger to drink in the mountain air and to look at the valley beneath with the Knysna River, which passes out to sea between the sandstone cliffs, guarding both sides of the estuary, which form the Knysna Heads.

The Centenary of Paul Kruger

A Short Retrospect and Forecast

By Alfred MacCullough

A HUNDRED years had passed, on October 10 last, since Paul Kruger was born, a British subject, near Colesberg, in the old Cape Colony. He was, and will always remain, the most outstanding figure in the stormy history of South Africa before the people of the sub-continent agreed to become united.

A statue of this last President of the old Transvaal Republic, the work of the well-known sculptor Van Wouw, has been taken from a good position in Princess Park, near Kruger's old house and the church where he used often to preach, and has been re-erected on the Station Square in Pretoria. Celebrations in the usual style were held in the city, on the hundredth anniversary of his birth, and the statue was unveiled for the second time, while suitable speeches were made by Generals Hertzog and Smuts, and the Governor-General courteously attended the proceedings.

The monument, showing Paul Kruger in full presidential regalia, tall hat, frock coat, sash and orders, and supported by four rather wild figures of old pioneers, is hardly a consistent erection. The combination of pomp and circumstance in the old President does not harmonize with the unkempt and shaggy figures of the four old Voortrekkers and their rough frontier rig-out with rifles and bandoliers. A little more idealism in the figure of the old man would have improved the monument. But Van Wouw has been as realistic as Zola could have desired, that is to say, unpleasantly realistic, for Kruger was not a very comely figure. He had not even the lean tallness of Abraham Lincoln.

There are statues of Queen Victoria adorning Cape Town and Durban, and the art of the sculptor is so striking that they form symbolic figures, calling up at once all the flood of recollections of Victoria's great reign and the glory of the expanding Empire. Kipling might have sung them into existence, so typical are they of Britain Beyond the Seas, who drew her strength from England. But the figures on this monument to Paul Kruger are all old men, and it suggests no motive, no inspiration to

the work that lies before a young community. It speaks altogether of the past, and gives no promise for the future. Thereby it differs wholly from the virile figure of Cecil Rhodes in the gardens at Cape Town, pointing with outstretched arms northwards to the vast spaces washed with sun, whilst he seems to speak the words: "Your hinterland is there."

The shifting and re-unveiling of the Kruger monument has, of course, been made the occasion of a great journalistic outbreak. One wonders if an unconscious attempt is being made to form a Krugerian legend, for half the stories being told in the papers are sadly inaccurate or wholly apocryphal. But a new generation of young reporters has grown up in South Africa, who imitate American journalists by inventing taradiddles, and thus save themselves the trouble of investigation and reading.

In reflecting upon this unveiling of a statue to Paul Kruger one cannot help wondering why the British have not yet erected a statue to David Livingstone, who did more to help South Africa into the light of civilization than any individual Boer, and whose work was for humanity, black and white. Twelve years ago steps were taken to raise funds for a monument to David Livingstone in Pretoria, but the great war came, and since then all available funds have been used for war memorials. But this statue to Livingstone will yet rise.

Paul Kruger acted according to his light, but it was not a searchlight into the future of South Africa: it was concentrated upon that section of the South African community known as the Boers. Mazzini, the great Italian patriot, thought that no people had any moral claims to special consideration unless they were making some definite worthy contribution to the good of humanity. On these grounds he did not sympathize with the Irish aspirations for a separated nationality, and would have been unable to sympathize with the ideas of many Dutch South Africans for separation from their British fellow-countrymen. The notion of a chosen people—self-chosen in most cases—did not appeal to him.

Kruger was precluded from becoming a great statesman by his Old Testament belief that the Boers were a specially chosen people. Yet it is wonderful how nearly he achieved that consummation. As men go he was a

good man and a religious man: there was no cruelty in his disposition, and he had much compassion and a strong controlling idea of duty. But in spite of his strong will, and his forceful and magnetic personality, he was the victim to some extent of his environment. However, in spite of his rusticity his personal influence effected much; he had Lincoln's saving grace of humour, not to mention a considerable leaning towards practical joking.

A careful consideration of the history of Christendom along the side of its religion will inevitably convince us that many people wrest the scriptures to their own destruction. That is to say, a community becomes more or less subject to some powerful, but uneducated, spirits, who possess zeal without knowledge, and this may carry the community very far along some foolish line of conduct. Such were some of the Puritanic sects in England, and we have seen something of the sort lately in Tennessee. Paul Kruger undoubtedly derived much strength and comfort from reading the Bible, but many passages must have confirmed him in certain old prejudices during the greater part of his life, for he was, no doubt, a believer in verbal inspiration.

His life was bound up with the life of the Boers. It was their welfare he sought as his first duty. He knew that their way of life required more land, and still more land, as their numbers increased. This explains the attempt to annex Griqualand West; the attempt to form two republics, Stellaland and Goshen land, on the west of the Transvaal in Bechuanaland; and the final attempt at expansion, the Banjailand Trek, for the occupation of part of the territories of the Matabele and Mashonas. These attempts were in a certain sense frustrated by the British. Large numbers of Boers were, indeed, allowed to settle in the territories referred to, but they were not allowed to set up their own government: they came under the protection of the Union Jack. It began to look as if Cecil Rhodes was going to swallow up a big part of Paul Kruger's burghers.

Kruger's predecessor, President Burgers, had brought some Hollander officials to the Transvaal in the early days, and they were followed by others. They added a somewhat noxious political element to a country already perplexed with racial animosities. This is said in no

spirit of malice towards those Hollanders, who were often able men, many of whom have worked hard for their adopted country. They found the Republic an excellent field for colonization, and saw a large future opening before them. But they also perceived that the British were unlikely to relinquish their power in South Africa without demanding explanations at least. The policy of strengthening Dutch Afrikanderdom was, therefore, supported by the Hollanders, and, if necessary, the help of Germany could be sought finally to expel the British.

Towards the end of the century the gold mining industry in the Transvaal had brought so many British, not to mention other nationalities, into the Republic that the situation became very strained. The High Commissioner, Sir Alfred Milner, tried to avert war, though after he had a conference with his opponents at Bloemfontein, it is probable that he abandoned hope. "You know this means war," he said in his serious and sombre way to President Steyn, as they stood talking together after one of his abortive discussions with Paul Kruger. He meant to remind Steyn that he was trying to avoid war, but perhaps the Free State President mistakenly read a challenge into the words, and he answered, "So be it." One can imagine Steyn's aggressive nose sticking up into the air as he spoke.

The fact was that Paul Kruger was growing old and losing his grip upon things. The problem of the new population was one that he disliked having to tackle, so distracted was he by the incessant clamour of voices all round him. So the anti-British party, the party which was shifting the weight of power in South Africa from the Cape to Pretoria, and indulging in many long dreams where the British name vanished below the political horizon, was influential enough to rush Kruger into the declaration of war on the eve of his seventy-fourth birthday, October 10, 1899. It was with sad heart-searching that the old President followed the advice of the war party to take time by the forelock. Jan Smuts, the State Attorney, had advised him to grant the required concessions; Joubert, the commandant-general, was entirely opposed to war with Great Britain.

Here is a sinister thing: Kruger is credited with, one should rather say accused of, the following statement,

about this time : " A sharp letter from Berlin to London would have made war impossible." Whoever put these words into the old man's mouth had evidently forgotten, or had not learned, how sorely Wilhelm had rued the unhappy telegram of 1896, and how abjectly he regretted having incurred the wrath of his "Granny."

In fact, the old man had been fed with lies : it would not be necessary to make concessions to the British, let alone to unite with them. They were a stupid people : their Empire was due to accident, not to any ability of theirs. If Germany fired a big gun the British Empire would crash to ruin, and Germany would do that some day soon. The British were only scheming money-makers. A bold front, a little fortitude and patience on the part of the Republicans, and the blustering, incompetent Englishmen and all their works, including their insinuating language with its endless penetrating literature, would melt away from the sunny shores of Africa.

Paul Kruger was not an extreme racialist, but his intelligence was not cultured and farseeing enough to rebut these venomous arguments, though his Christian principles had rendered alien to his nature the German doctrine of hate. He would have been content if his people, the Boers, could have maintained their independence. He did not realize that the evolution of a coming nation would not allow them to remain separated.

Reflecting on this great question we realize how far Rhodes's ideas soared beyond Kruger's. Rhodes saw the necessity for the speedy uniting of the South African territories, and governments, and peoples.

Principles and ideals, too, are rained in blood; and we must admit that the Anglo-Boer War was the best thing that ever happened to South Africa. It fully rehabilitated the British name, and cast down the continentals in the background from their high estate, whether they were Europeans or Afrikanders. It was also much better for the Boers that they should be amalgamated with the British than that they should have been annexed to the German Empire, which was their only alternative fate. The war was fought by the Republicans to prevent the union of South Africa on British lines, but it was inevitable that that union should come about. Rhodes did

not live to see it, but his lieutenant, Sir Starr Jameson, played a big part in the consummation, and so atoned for a piece of almost youthful folly, when he tried to give a helping hand to a revolt against Kruger's Government, a movement that was hanging fire in Johannesburg. But revolutions are not carried through among Nordic peoples with the same facility as in Central or South America. We hope the remnant of Afrikander republicans still left is wise enough to remember this.

In the give-and-take style of companionship, somewhat awkward at times, that has perforce existed between the Dutch in South Africa and their British neighbours, more has been endured by the British than by the older section of the inhabitants. That is as it should be, for in South Africa the Dutchman has been cut off from the wider channels of the world's progress, so that many allowances must be made for him. His objections to the newer population are to some extent natural. Those who have not mixed freely among strangers are inclined to aloofness and suspicion. But considering how often the British had spent the blood of their soldiers in protecting the white Afrikanders from powerful native tribes more gratitude might have been expected.

However, it is only amongst educated and world-experienced Afrikanders that a real knowledge prevails as to the position of the white race in South Africa. South Africans stand, as it were, on the shores of a sea of black humanity, the incoming tide of which may utterly wash them away unless they keep tight hold on the rope which attaches them to Western civilization, the rope which binds them to all the civilizing influences of the British Empire. Already the losses by degeneration of the standard of life among many whites have been very severe. It is a matter of life and death that the "poor white" problem should receive instant attention of a more earnest nature than hitherto has been bestowed upon it. If Afrikanders would distrust political mischief-makers, and grasp a conception of their real mission, that is, to present the best of white civilization to an inferior race, they might be amongst the happiest people in the world, conscious of a high calling in the evolution of humanity.

Many people in South Africa suppose that, because of

late years the big political names are mostly Dutch, therefore, the Dutch are the only valuable element in South African society. This is a delusion; South Africa is in a very early stage of its development. The British settlers find so much to do in the mining world, and in the agricultural and industrial development of the country, that they do not, and will not for years, devote their best attention to mere politics. The British are engaged in the earlier stages of the material development of a country of unbelievable possibilities; whilst to a large extent the leading members of the Dutch community are given over to the publicity of politics. Political life also gives scope to the activities of a small band of visionaries who, themselves comfortably off, can devote time to the vilification of the British name, and depreciation of the British community, whose presence in South Africa has made them rich.

The fact that they have had amongst their band of unpractical republicans a few sincere men, like General Hertzog, has given them an exaggerated idea of their own capacity and deserts. We are reminded in *Hamlet* that the mind of man must ever be looking before and after. From the experience of the past we draw the requisite wisdom for the directing of the future; that is if we are capable of reading the past. General Hertzog has been inclined to dream over the past and to draw misleading conclusions; but when authority was thrust into his hands he woke to the instant need of things, and discovered that South Africa's salvation lies in its attachment to the British Empire, or British Commonwealth of Nations, as General Smuts likes to call it, though the phrase is somewhat cumbersome.

General Hertzog, true to his new intellectual discoveries, did not then hesitate to declare that the severance of the connection would be an irretrievable disaster, and he is to be congratulated on a distinct advance in mentality towards cosmic consciousness.

The present concentration of nearly the whole British population on the material development of the country will not last for ever. In the end there will be plenty of newcomers to take up that work. In the United States of America the inflow of immigrants during the nineteenth

century increased amazingly as the country was developed. Before very long a similar stage will be reached in South Africa, doubtless not identical, as it is not identical to-day in Australia, but sufficiently approaching American conditions to startle the dreamers of a closed-up Dutch Republic or oligarchy. When conditions of life for immigrants to Canada, Australia, and America become less pleasant than they are to-day, and afford a prospect not so good as the prospects of immigration to South Africa, then this sub-continent is going to receive an inflow of intelligent and energetic people that will astonish the older population. And the efforts of misleaders of Afrikanders would be much better directed to showing their fellow-countrymen how thay may be able to compete with energetic men from overseas, rather than instilling into them a belief that they had a moral right to take the country from the black people and that they have now a moral right to keep it to themselves, and to prevent any more of their white brethren from Europe coming to share its vast unoccupied spaces. A foolish gospel on which to try to nourish a young nation.

One of these days the young South Africans of a Dutch political complexion will turn and rend their misleaders, when they find themselves uninstructed in anything but a distorted history of their ancestors' deeds and sufferings. As if the British race cannot show equally heroic deeds and terrible sufferings in its over-running of America and Australia, in its conquest of India, and its incessant valorous struggle against Nature and human enemies for centuries up and down the Seven Seas.

Half a continent waits for South Africans to develop, and a black race to be led into the paths of industry and sobriety; tasks for intellectual and moral giants.

It is only a dream, this foolish notion of a new little nation, with a new little language and a new little literature which nobody but itself could appreciate. We cannot increase our stature a single cubit by taking thought of it. Let South Africans take thought for justice, with malice towards none, neither toward Englishmen, nor toward those well-meaning children of the sun, the Kaffirs.

If we can learn to do justice we shall be able to rise to the great occasions and duties that are coming to us.